POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

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# FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

DE TOURVILLE MURDERS HIS WIFE IN THE TYROL.

Vol. V.—No. 64.

# The Cold-blooded Crimes of HENRI DE TOURVILLE

**A Frenchman by Birth, but a Naturalized Englishman and a Barrister of the Middle Temple, he committed four murders, but only one—that of his second wife—was brought home to him.**

**"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?"**
—SHAKESPEARE, "Cymbeline," Act V., Sc. 5.

PART II.

N the early part of the year 1875, De Tourville, now a barrister of the Middle Temple, and a naturalised British subject, made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Miller, a wealthy widow, who lived in Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park. I saw her once, and my recollection of her is that she was a lady-like and rather stately woman, but vain, shallow, and flighty, pretty in a rather insipid style, with a full, voluptuous figure, somewhat gushing in her manner—just the sort of woman to fall an easy victim to the blandishments of a good-looking and accomplished fortune-hunter like De Tourville.

Before proceeding to pay his addresses seriously, the crafty adventurer satisfied himself that Mrs. Miller really was complete mistress of the large fortune which she was said to possess. He found that she had entire control and disposal of property to the value of £70,000. Her only child by her first marriage had died a few months before she met De Tourville, and there was therefore no one with any claim upon her estate, with which she was free to deal as she pleased.

De Tourville was at that time residing in a house which he had purchased at Craven Hill, Paddington, not very far from Southwick Crescent. It was a handsome, well-furnished mansion, and its owner lived in good style; his dinners, particularly—at one or two of which I was a guest—were of the choicest description, and were quite famous in certain circles of society. No one at that time had the slightest idea that De Tourville was other than he appeared to be—a gentleman of good birth and large income. Mrs. Miller, at any rate, had no doubt whatever that the handsome and fascinating Frenchman was as rich as he was agreeable. She was flattered by his attentions, which she attributed entirely to her own personal charms, for it never occurred to her that her money could be an attraction to a man so well off as De Tourville was.

I have already said that he had a very winning way with women, and he very soon gained the affections of Madeline Miller. In the September of 1875 their engagement was announced, and on November 11 following they were married.

On the very day of her marriage, a few hours after the ceremony, the bride, no doubt at her husband's suggestion, executed a new will, by which, failing issue of the marriage, she bequeathed the bulk of her property to her spouse. I shall have more to say about this remarkable testament presently; it is sufficient to state here that, though there were clauses and legacies which proved that she was by no means wholly guided by her husband's wishes in regard to the disposal of her property, yet, in the main, the will was so largely in his favour that it was clear he must benefit greatly by her death. During her life he would be more or less a pensioner on her bounty, for there was very little of his first wife's property left to him, but her decease would place him in possession of a fortune which would render him completely independent.

The day after the wedding the bride and bridegroom started for the Continent, accompanied only by Madame De Tourville's lady's maid, Sarah Clappinson, who had been with her mistress for nine years. Monsieur and Madame travelled from place to place for several months, and were apparently on the best of terms. Nothing of any moment seems to have happened to the travellers until July. On the 11th of that month they arrived at Innspruck, the capital of the Austrian Tyrol, which tourists purposing to explore that romantic district usually make their point of departure. They put up at the Tirolar Höf, and it was noticed by the proprietor and waiters that De Tourville was in a very bad temper, spoke very roughly to his wife, and went to bed half an hour after he arrived, leaving her alone with her maid in the sitting-room.

On the following day, the 12th, De Tourville ordered a carriage to take them a five days' journey to Bozen, through the Ober-In-Thal. The next morning they started on their driving tour, leaving their heavy baggage behind them in a room at the hotel, which De Tourville had hired for the purpose, and the key of which he took with him.

What the cause of De Tourville's display of ill-temper on his arrival at Innspruck may have been is unknown, but it was so clearly his cue to pose as an amiable person and an affectionate husband that he quickly perceived his mistake, and for the rest of the journey he made himself agreeable to everyone. But in that little flash of ill-humour at Innspruck the real state of his feelings towards his wife was momentarily revealed. Not only had he no affection for her, but he was at that moment planning her death with a cold-blooded deliberation which ranks him among the most callous and heartless of criminals.

So amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the Austrian Tyrol Madame de Tourville drove, all unconscious of her coming doom, beside her gay and smiling husband who was plotting her murder.

On the 15th of July they arrived at a little town named Spondining, where they put up for the night. When the landlady took breakfast up to their room on the following morning she noticed that the gentleman seemed excited and in a great hurry to get away, but there was nothing in his behaviour to his wife to indicate that they were on

other than the best of terms. Madame de Tourville rallied her husband on his impatience, and said:

"My dear Henri, do let me eat my breakfast in peace! You know how I hate hurrying over my meals; and if I don't have a comfortable breakfast it puts me out for the rest of the day."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, well, Madeline, I don't want you to suffer from indigestion, but do be as quick as you conveniently can, for I want to get the Stelvio Pass done to-day, and we shall have all our work cut out for us to get through it before nightfall."

Then he whistled and fidgeted and looked out of the window, turning every now and again to glance at his wife as she leisurely ate her breakfast—the last breakfast she was ever to eat!

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when they at last started, and about three hours later they arrived at Trafoj, where they had lunch. De Tourville ordered a light carriage for two to drive to Ferdinandshöhe—the maid was to be left behind at Trafoj to await their return.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM STARTED FOR THE CONTINENT.

About noon the De Tourvilles started on the fateful journey which was to have such a tragic ending for one of them. The driver heard them chatting and laughing behind him all the way; both of them seemed in the highest spirits, and there was not a single jarring note of discord to mar the harmony of their relations. Who that passed this apparently happy pair on that bright July afternoon would have dreamt that before night the woman would be a mangled corpse, slain by the cruel wretch whose laughter now mingled merrily with hers?

On arriving at a village named Frauzenhöhe De Tourville found that time would not permit of their going on to Ferdinandshöhe and returning to Trafoj the same night as intended. Consequently, as he had ordered supper at the latter place, where the maid was awaiting them, at eight o'clock, he decided to return thither. So the driver was ordered to take them back.

The Stelvio Pass, through which their route lay, is celebrated for its wild and picturesque scenery. It forms the pathway across the Alps between Austria and Italy, and its carriage road is the loftiest in Europe, being 9,100 feet above the sea-level. Bathed in the glowing light of a summer sunset, the rugged crags, the dark pinewoods, and the soft, green slopes looked so beautiful that De Tourville suggested to his wife that, as they had ample time at their disposal, they should dismiss the carriage and walk leisurely down the pass to Trafoj. She was a little reluctant at first, for she had grown very stout and disliked exertion of any kind, but the beauty of the evening and her husband's persuasive tongue beguiled her into consenting. So the carriage was sent on and Monsieur and Madame proceeded to make the rest of the journey on foot. A sharp turn of the road soon took the carriage out of sight; presently the rumble of the wheels grew fainter and fainter to their ears till they could hear them no longer.

The murderer and his victim were alone in as wild and lonely a spot as it is possible to conceive. No sound but the roaring of the mountain torrent far below them broke the weird silence—no sign of human life was visible anywhere. The road runs along the edge of a deep ravine, the precipitous sides of which are thickly strewn with boulders, interspersed with bushes. This was the place that De Tourville had chosen for his fell purpose, and he could not have hit upon a spot better fitted for the crime he had planned. There was no possibility of escape for his victim. If she should shriek for help there was none to hear her in that lonesome and deserted valley. If she should struggle fiercely for her life there was no human eye to witness the struggle. It was murder made easy. He could not only do the bloody deed undisturbed, but he could leisurely make such disposition of the body as would lead to the inevitable conclusion that death had been the result of accident.

Then in that lovely mountain pass, as the twilight began to throw shadows over cliff and sea and wood, the deed was done. How it was done will never be known. Whether De Tourville stunned her with a blow on the head before pushing her over the edge of the ravine, or whether he pushed her over first and then climbed down the steep slope and finished his work there, is a mystery which none but the murderer could have solved; and he never revealed the secret of his

crime. One thing only is certain, that the woman fought fiercely for her life, and that it was not without a severe struggle that De Tourville compassed her death.

* * * * * *

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, the hour at which he had ordered supper to be ready, that De Tourville walked into the hotel at Trafoj alone. The landlady, Rosina Wallnöver, asked where Madame was, and De Tourville, who appeared perfectly cool, explained that his wife was capricious and reckless, that she had insisted on walking in places which he warned her were dangerous, that she had slipped and fallen down the ravine.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the hostess. "Is the poor lady much hurt?"

"I must have a carriage at once, and bring her home; she is unable to walk," said De Tourville.

"Do let me eat my breakfast."

"And the poor lady is left there all alone?" cried the landlady.

"Oh, she will take no harm," replied De Tourville carelessly; and from the manner in which he spoke the words the good woman inferred that madame was not seriously hurt.

The manager of the hotel, Frederick Hoffer, then appeared upon the scene, and to him De Tourville repeated the statement—that his wife had fallen down the ravine and that he wanted four men to come with him and help to carry her home. So calm was De Tourville's demeanour that the manager, like the landlady, concluded that the accident which had befallen madame was not a serious one.

At nine o'clock the search-party left the hotel. There were five men, including a "surveillant," or police-inspector, who happened to be in the hotel when the news of the accident came. De Tourville himself was driven in a carriage, the rest went on foot. So conflicting were the directions he gave as to the spot at which the accident had taken place that the searchers had great difficulty in finding it. All the time he was giving these directions he never left the carriage, but sat there on the road above whilst the men searched below. The first thing they found was a lady"s hat, covered with blood, which one of them brought up and showed De Tourville, who, without any sign of emotion, said:

"Yes, that is my wife's hat. Look closely; she cannot be far off."

Lower down the slope they found a handkerchief and some articles of jewellery; then traces of blood were seen, and finally, at the bottom of the ravine, by the edge of the stream, they discovered the body of the lady. Her injuries were terrible, and she was quite dead. When they came up and reported their dreadful discovery De Tourville said:

"Dead? It is impossible!"

But all the men noticed that he displayed very little agitation, and certainly not a trace of the feeling a husband might have been expected to show at the announcement that the wife whom he had, according to his own account, left alive and only slightly hurt an hour before was dead. After a pause he added:

"You must bring the body up."

Then, seeing that the men hesitated, he said:

"I will give you two hundred florins if you will bring the body up here that I may carry it back to Trafoj."

But here the police-inspector interposed.

"No," said he gruffly, "the body must not be removed—it must remain where it is under surveillance until it has been examined by a Commission of Inquiry. I am not satisfied that the lady has met her death by accident."

"You will very soon and very easily be satisfied on that point," replied De Tourville; "but I suppose it is no use arguing with you now. There is nothing, therefore, to be done but go back to Trafoj."

So the search-party trudged back and brought the startling news that the lady was dead. But what was still more sensational was the conduct of Inspector Zöller, who informed the manager that De Tourville must be locked up in a room in charge of a gendarme until the body had been examined. For that shrewd inspector had from the first distrusted De Tourville and suspected that he had made away with the poor lady whose lifeless body had been discovered under circumstances which roused still further suspicion.

De Tourville was particularly anxious to send off a telegram to England—the nearest telegraph office was at Spondining, and thither he expressed a wish to be driven at once. But the inspector flatly refused to let him go. The manager, however, persuaded the officer to let De Tourville be driven to Spondining, accompanied by a gendarme, and thus the suspect was enabled to send his telegram.

Two men were told off to keep watch and guard over the body until an inquest should be held upon it. The result of the Commission of Inquiry was that De Tourville had to appear before the District Judge to be examined as to the circumstances attending the death of his wife. The general opinion in Trafoj was that the lady had been murdered. All the members of the search-party were convinced that she could not have fallen where her body was found, but that she must have been killed and her corpse then have been dragged to the spot where it was discovered.

The District Judge conducted the inquiry in a singularly loose manner. Whether De Tourville's apparent rank and wealth impressed him or whether some of De Tourville's gold found its way into the judicial palm it is impossible to decide, but at any rate his bias was pronounced. For example, when Sarah Clappinson, Madame's maid, was examined, she said in reply to a question put to her, "I have seen no quarrel between them," the judge had the following amplification of the answer down in his notes: "There was nothing to disturb their married life; on the contrary, they were very fond of one another." De Tourville's statement was not taken down at all, but after hearing it the judge stopped the examination and said: "I have heard enough. It is clear that this lady's death was the result of an accident, and this worthy gentleman, her hus-

band, with whom I deeply sympathise, is in no way to blame for it."

De Tourville bowed his acknowledgments to the judge and left the court an innocent man so far as the judicial fiat could make him so.

Madame de Tourville was buried in the cemetery at Trafoj, and De Tourville, in company with his wife's maid, Sarah Clappinson, set out for England.

On the evening of the 24th of July, De Tourville and Clappinson arrived at the Tirolar Hof at Innspruck, the hotel from which the party had set out on their carriage journey to Bozen a fortnight before. It will be remembered that it was at this hotel that De Tourville had displayed his ill-temper and treated his wife very discourteously. But now he was a pattern of courtesy and amiability. His affability to everyone he met was quite remarkable. But shrewd observers noticed that beneath all this assumption of bonhomie there was a curious excitability and nervous anxiety. Of course, the news of madame's tragic death had reached Innspruck, and had been a subject of gossip at the hotel. De Tourville could not help noticing that he was the object of uncanny interest to the servants, and he was not a good enough actor to bear their inquisitive looks with indifference. He questioned the boots and the chambermaid as to what people had said about him in connection with his wife's death, and then with a laugh tapped himself on the chest and said:

"Now, come, do I look like a murderer?"

To the head-waiter he said flippantly and cynically:

"Ah, man garçon, how quickly changes come in this world! It was here, at this very hotel, but fourteen days ago that I was eating strawberries with my wife. Poor thing! she will never eat any more strawberries!"

Before leaving the Austrian Tyrol for London, De Tourville wrote a remarkable letter to Mr. Thomas Francis Wilding, one of his wife's trustees under her marriage settlement, and an old family friend of the deceased lady. The letter commenced with an expression of the great grief which the writer experienced at having to announce the death of his "dear wife," and then proceeded to give an account of the circumstances under which the fatal accident happened. They were driving, he and his wife, through the Stelvio Pass, enjoying the splendid mountain scenery, when she became extremely nervous and frightened, especially when the horses turned a sharp corner of the road, and expressed a wish to get out of the carriage and proceed on foot. Whilst walking along, his "poor wife" ventured too near the edge of a steep ravine, she lost her head, fell over, and was picked up dead. De Tourville went on to say that he had been compelled to visit a sick relative in Normandy, otherwise he would have written sooner; that a priest had refused to let the body be buried in the cemetery, as the deceased was a Protestant; and that his wife's corpse had therefore been interred temporarily in a garden. The writer then invited the trustees to visit the scene of the fatal accident, and added that the medical man who made a post mortem examination had stated at the inquest that a tumour had formed on the deceased's stomach; that she had been a great sufferer; that she could not have lived more than two or three years; and that therefore, perhaps, after all, her sudden death might be considered as a happy release.

There was nothing in this letter to excite suspicion; but, unfortunately for himself, De Tourville could never stick to the same tale. He was perpetually contradicting himself, and making statements utterly at variance with one another. When he reached London he asked Mr. Wilding to come and see him at Craven Hill, and he then gave an account of the circumstances attending his wife's death which differed materially from that given in his letter.

At this interview De Tourville told Mr. Wilding that his wife's death was far more painful and sad than he had dared to state in his letter. She had, in fact, committed suicide. She deliberately threw herself from the road down the ravine, and fell a considerable distance, till her fall was checked by boulders. He hurried frantically down the steep descent after her, and, to his intense relief, found that she was not seriously injured. He then tried to persuade her to let him help her back to the road. She consented, but the ascent was so difficult that she had to abandon the effort. She said she could climb no farther, and sat down, promising to wait till he returned with assistance. Before he proceeded many paces he looked back, and saw, to his horror, that she had again thrown herself down the slope. He went back to her, and, after reproving her for her wickedness, wiped the blood from her head with his handkerchief, bound up her wounds as well as he could, and told her to keep perfectly still and not attempt to move the bandage, otherwise she would bleed to death. He then hastened to Trafoj, and returned as quickly as possible with assistance. After a long search they discovered her dead

Took the carriage out of sight.

body at the bottom of the slope, close to the stream which ran through the ravine. It was evident that as soon as he had left her she had carried out her suicidal intention, and flung herself down the precipitous slope.

Mr. Wilding was much astonished and shocked at this story, and asked De Tourville what possible motive the lady could have had for committing suicide. Had their married life been unhappy?

"No, certainly not," said De Tourville. "Indeed, quite the reverse. We have been the happiest of husbands and wives. I cannot recall a moment's unhappiness until that fatal day. Once or twice, I confess, I thought she was concealing something from me, and since the post-mortem examination I have no doubt that she knew of the existence of the tumour, knew that her days were numbered; and, rather than endure the suffering which must come, she made away with herself."

De Tourville showed such apparently genuine emotion as he told his tale to Mr. Wilding that the latter, though not quite convinced about the theory of suicide, could find no ground for suspicion of foul play, and accepted the explanation of Madame De Tourville's death without deeming it necessary to institute further inquiries. For, of course, De Tourville produced the official declaration of the District Judge that on hearing all the evidence

he was satisfied that the deceased lady had come by her death through an accident, for which her husband was in no way to blame.

De Tourville now felt himself safe. He was cleared of all suspicion of being privy to his wife's death; he had satisfied her trustees that there was no bar to his benefiting by her will; and all that remained was to wait till the will was proved, and take his share of her estate, which, after all legacies had been paid, would amount to close upon £40,000.

But he had reckoned without the gossips of Trafoj. Despite the dismissal of the case by the District Judge, local feeling was strongly against De Tourville. Inspector Höffer had suspected him from the moment he saw him enter the hotel and heard him calmly announce that an accident had befallen his wife. His suspicions had been confirmed by De Tourville's subsequent conduct and by Austrian Government demanded the arrest and extradition of Henri De Tourville on the capital charge.

I have already described how the announcement of De Tourville's arrest on the charge of murdering his wife fell like a bombshell among his friends and acquaintances.

On Saturday, November 4, 1876, Henri Dieudonné Pineau de Tourville was brought up before Mr. Vaughan, at Bow Street Police Court, charged, under the Extradition Act with Austria, with the murder of his wife, Madeline, for which crime the Austrian Government claimed that he should be handed over to its jurisdiction for trial.

The court was crowded; for De Tourville had hosts of friends, who had eaten his dinners and helped him to spend his money. There was an unusual number of well-dressed ladies, whose presence testified to the prisoner's popularity among the fair sex. I was there, and as I looked hard at De Tourville in the dock, I thought he

THEY DISCOVERED THE BODY OF THE LADY.

the circumstances surrounding the discovery of the body. It was impossible to believe that the body could have fallen from the road in a direct line to the spot where it was found. The boulders and bushes must have interrupted its downward progress, and there were marks indicating that the corpse had been dragged along through the stones and scrub to the place where it was ultimately found. All the members of the search-party and everyone who subsequently examined the scene of the tragedy were convinced that the lady could not possibly have fallen where her body was found, but that she must have been first killed and then dragged there. The good folks of Trafoj were certain that a cruel and cold-blooded murder had been committed, and that the District Judge, in dismissing the charge against De Tourville, had caused a grave miscarriage of justice. An urgent appeal was made to the higher authorities to re-open the investigation of the case. The appeal was successful; the body of Madame De Tourville was exhumed and subjected to a careful examination; the scene of her death was rigidly scrutinised; and the result was that the Austrian Police were satisfied that the lady had met her death by foul play at the hands of her husband. Consequently, the

had deteriorated greatly since I last saw him, soon after his marriage. His face somehow seemed to me to have a mean and low expression, and his dress and appearance were flashy. His shirt-front literally blazed with jewels, and, though he was very smartly groomed, I felt instinctively that there was something of the cad about him. But, then, no man can be expected to look his best when he is a prisoner in the dock. His manner was flippant and jaunty, and he waved his ringed hands to some of his friends in the court in a manner which I thought unbecoming to a man placed in such a grave position.

He was defended by Mr. Montagu Williams. After a long and animated discussion, as to whether an English magistrate could properly surrender an English subject and a barrister to the police authorities of another country to answer for a crime committed outside the jurisdiction of any English court, Mr. Vaughan decided that the case must proceed.

M. Albut, the interpreter, then went into the witness-box and swore that the translations he had made of the evidence taken in Austria were correct, whereupon Mr. Douglas, the clerk of the court, proceeded to read them. Most of this evidence I have already embodied in my

narrative, and there is, therefore, no need to recapitulate it. There were five adjournments at intervals of a week each before Mr. Vaughan gave his decision. At the fifth appearance of De Tourville before the magistrate there was a new and sensational piece of evidence adduced; it was that of Frederick Goldeven, a gendarme who was deputed between July 17 and 20 to keep guard over De Tourville at Trafoj and who deposed that he had frequent conversations with the accused, in the course of which the latter told the witness that his first wife was dead and that he had a boy by her whom he had placed somewhere. He cried while saying this. Speaking of his second wife he said "Mia moglie non era bona" (my wife was not good). He had a letter with the word "Divorzio" in the corner. This he showed the witness, saying that his late wife had been living in a state of adultery, and that the wife of her lover had instituted a divorce suit in consequence. He said that he and Madame Tourville were received at the Royal Court in London till these proceedings were commenced, and then they resolved to live abroad.

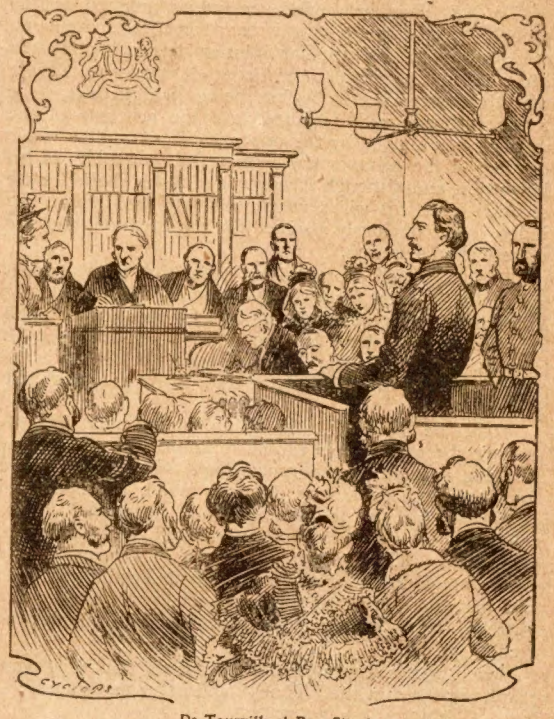
I may say that there was not the slightest ground for this cruel and wanton aspersion on the dead lady's character, nor was it true that any divorce proceedings had ever been instituted against her.

It was on this occasion, too, that the first English witness was examined, Miss Georgina Louisa Scott.

Miss Georgina Louisa Scott in the course of a prolonged examination said though she had long been the friend of the deceased, after her marriage all communications between the latter and witness were made by post, and in none of her letters did she show any despondency. The witness had been told in a letter from De Tourville that his wife intended to commit suicide, and she communicated this fact to her in a letter on the 1st of June. In answer to that deceased sent a letter to witness in which she said, "I shall never commit suicide; if you hear of my death you may know I've been killed." In all her letters she repudiated the idea of suicide.

At the resumed hearing of the case Miss Georgina Louisa Scott, the friend of the deceased, was re-examined and said: "She never saw the prisoner after his marriage until he called on her to speak of his wife's death. She had been preparing their house in London for their return. She had received letters from the prisoner. She said after the prisoner's return to London he at first told her that his wife fell about thirty feet upon a ledge of grass and rocks, and that he went down by a circuitous route after her. She was not much hurt then, but some strings of her dress were broken. They walked some distance, and he then placed her against a tree while he went to look for assistance. When he returned he found that she had fallen down another depth on to some rough stones and rocks, and was bleeding very much from a wound on the temple. He said he called out 'Madeline' to her, but could get no answer, and then he went down to look for her. He raised her up and she complained of her arm being hurt. He placed her against a post and bathed her temple, and made her promise not to leave the spot. He again left her to look for assistance and for a doctor, and went to the inn, where he got some men and returned to the place. He did not say whether he went down with the men, but that the men found her quite dead on a bed of grass near the river, but below the spot where he had left her. He had given her to understand that the deceased had committed suicide. He said her trinkets had fallen in various parts during her fall down the precipice."

Sarah Clappinson was examined at the sitting and last hearing of the case. She said: "I was lady's maid to Madame De Tourville, and had served in that capacity for nine years previous to her marriage. She enjoyed perfect health during all that time, and was cheerful and good-tempered. After the marriage they travelled about on the Continent. On the morning of July 16 I remained at Spondining while they went out on a carriage trip. I had not previously noticed any change in her manner, nor had I heard any complaints from her about her health or spirits. She seemed to be much as usual. The prisoner and his wife appeared to be on good terms. I waited till the evening for their return. When the prisoner returned there were four persons with him. He said: 'Oh, Clappinson, you will never see your mistress any more, as she has fallen down a precipice or mountain, and is killed!' He spoke to others in German, which I did not understand, but his manner was not different from usual. He told me she had fallen when walking a little in front of him, and that when he reached her she was bleeding from the temple and complained of her arm being hurt. He said that he placed her against a tree and sought assistance, and when he returned she was lower down and quite dead. I and the prisoner remained at the hotel the following day, and he showed me from one of the windows (by comparison) how far she had fallen. It did not seem a very great distance. We remained at Spondining eight days, leaving there on Sunday night, July 23. I arrived in England on the 27th. The prisoner remained at Paris. We made a short stay at Normandy, but no visit was paid to anyone. I had heard that the prisoner had some relations there, but saw nothing of them. I never said to Bophardt that Monsieur and Madame Tourville lived on bad terms, and deny having ever said to the landlord at Innspruck the words, 'Of course he killed her.' I can speak only a little French."



De Tourville at Bow Street.

In the course of a cross-examination by Mr. Poland, the lady's maid said she had been twice examined in Austria in connection with madame's death, but was not present when the prisoner was examined. "My mistress," she added emphatically, "was always very kind to me."

The magistrate then proceeded to give his decision.

In the course of his clear and masterly review of the facts deposed to before him, Mr. Vaughan laid special emphasis on his statement of certain circumstances which he deemed most significant. He pointed out that on returning to the Pass with the men he had procured to assist in the recovery of his wife, he took them some distance beyond the spot at which he said the accident had occurred, and then brought them back to the place where he said that he had left his wife. He did not

leave the carriage himself, and his whole conduct was rather that of a man who wished to delay the finding of this poor lady until there was no possibility of her being able to tell her own story of what had occurred. He took no part in the search for her. The men went down the declivity pointed out by him, and found, first, a bonnet with two large stones upon it. They showed it to him, and he said it was his wife's. Then a handkerchief, and subsequently a cuff, were brought to him, and he put them in his pocket. They were stained with blood. The men descended still lower, till they came to a level piece of ground, and then they discovered the body of the deceased, with marks along the grass which seemed to show that she must have been dragged along, for they could not have been caused by a fall. As the men came back, they found a sunshade stick, which, he admitted, was his.

To Mr. Vaughan's mind, everything pointed to the probability of there having been a dreadful struggle on the spot, while the peculiar injuries deposed to by the surgeons on the limbs of the deceased seemed to denote that they were caused by her being dragged along the rough precipice with violence. All the accounts of the woman's death given by the prisoner differed. The whole conduct of the prisoner was against the probability of his innocence, and although it was said that he showed some emotion when his wife's watch was produced before the judge, it was obviously assumed for the occasion, and was of very short duration.

The magistrate expressed his belief that the statement said to have been made by Clappinson—"No doubt he killed her," really was made by her, for the landlord who reported it could have had no object in telling such an untruth. In conclusion, Mr. Vaughan said he felt it his duty to commit the prisoner for trial, in Austria, upon the present charge.

Henri de Tourville, who exhibited a jaunty, flippant manner throughout the various examinations, sometimes laughing outright at the proceedings, was then removed from the dock in a very different mood, attempting to evade the gaze of the spectators as he passed to his cell. In due course he was surrendered to the Austrian authorities. They conveyed him out of England. He was eventually tried for murder before an Austrian tribunal, and was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment in a fortress. After serving eight years of his sentence, he died in prison.

More than a year after the murder the following paragraph appeared in the "Times" and other newspapers:

"The will, dated November 11, 1875, of Madame Madeline de Tourville, late of 16, Craven Hill, Paddington, who died on July 16, 1876, in the Tyrol, was proved on August 4, 1877, by Thomas Francis Wilding and James Nisbet Robertson, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £70,000. The testatrix bequeaths to each of her executors £1,000; to her maid, Sarah Clappinson, if in her service at the time of her decease, £500 free of duty; to Mrs. Waldie an annuity of £10 for life; and the residue of her property to all her children in equal shares; failing children—(and, as I have stated, her only child predeceased her)—she gives £1,000 each to Miss Georgina Scott, Warwick Hunt, Peter Robertson, and the Rev. George Dickson; £2,000 to St. George's Hospital; £10,000 each to Mrs. Mary Anne Cook and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson; and the remainder of her property to her husband, Henri Dieudonné de Tourville, who was at that time lying under sentence of death in Austria for her murder."

Three days after announcement of proof of the will was made in the "Times," a letter signed "R. W." appeared in that journal to the following effect:

"It would interest thousands to know whether M. de Tourville can take the large residue of his wife's property according to her will. Had he been found guilty of murder in this country it would have gone to the crown."

It would appear that "R. W." was not quite accurate in his statement of the law affecting the case. "Amicus Curiæ" sent a correction which appeared in the "Times" five days later. He wrote:

"Whatever the merits of this case may eventually turn out to be 'R. W.' is in error in supposing that if Mr. de Tourville had been found guilty in this country of the offence with which he is charged his property would have gone to the crown. Forfeiture for felony was abolished in 1870, and the statute contains elaborate provisions for the administration of the property of convicts. It is certain, therefore, that if the trial had been held in this country and Mr. de Tourville had been found guilty, the fact of his conviction would not have created a forfeiture. It may interest readers to know that that statute does not apply to Scotland, and, moreover, that its operation is also confined to persons convicted in England, Wales, or Ireland. Is it not open, therefore, to some doubt whether in the case of an Englishman being convicted abroad of a crime equivalent to a felony in this country his property is not still subject to the law as it stood prior to 1870? But this is a question for the lawyers to determine."

And that was the last time that the name of Henri Dieudonné Pineau de Tourville was brought before the public, till seven years later a short paragraph, quoted from the Austrian papers, announced his death. By that time his crime had been almost forgotten, but I think no one who has followed my narrative will deny that De Tourville merits distinction in the annals of infamy as one of the cruellest and most cold-blooded murderers that ever disgraced humanity.

### Curran's Retort.

THE learned and witty Irish barrister, Curran, was once counsel for an attorney who sued for a bill of costs. Lord Clare, the judge, said, "Here, now, Mr. Curran, it's a flagitious imposition. How can you defend this item—'To writing innumerable letters, one hundred pounds'?" "Why, my lord," said Curran, "nothing can be more reasonable. It's not a penny a letter."

### A Too Lofty Flight.

A YOUNG Irish counsel, in the course of his speech before Mr. Justice Archibald, at the Liverpool Summer Assizes, in the year 1875, began to use a simile of "the eagle soaring high above the mists of the earth, winging its daring flight against a midday sun till the contemplation becomes too dazzling for humanity, and mortal eyes gaze after it in vain." Here the speaker was seen to falter and lose the thread of his speech, and sat down after some vain attempts to regain it. The judge then dryly remarked, "The next time, sir, you bring the eagle into court, I should recommend you to clip its wings."

### He Sat on the Judge.

LORD KENYON tried the action in which Horne Tooke was sued for Mr. Fox's costs arising out of an election petition inquiry, and although he had been informed that Mr. Tooke was to attend as his own counsel, and in order to make a "terrible splash," said, in a sharp, contemptuous tone, "Is there any defence?"

Tooke, taking a pinch of snuff, and looking round the court for a minute or two, then said: "There are three efficient parties engaged in this trial—you, gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Fox, and myself, and I make no doubt that we shall bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. As for the judge and the crier, they are here to preserve order; we pay them handsomely for their attendance, and, in their proper sphere, they are of some use; but they are hired as assistants only—they are not, and never were, intended to be the controllers of our conduct. Gentlemen, I tell you there is a defence, and a very good defence, to this action, and it will be your duty to give effect to it, etc., etc., etc."

# Murder for Base Money.

*How Martha Browning slew her Friend and robbed the corpse of Counterfeit Banknotes.*

"My mistress here lies murdered."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Othello," Act V., Sc. 2.

MARTHA BROWNING was a fine, strapping young woman, one of those females who look as if they were intended by nature to be men, but by accident have been born of the opposite sex. For all that, she was striking to look at, with a kind of bold, florid beauty which appealed to the lower classes, in which walk of life she was placed.

Left fatherless at a comparatively early age, she was brought up by her mother till she was about sixteen, when she went into domestic service, moving from situation to situation as her fancy dictated. In the latter part of 1845 she was in the employ of Captain Matthews and his wife, and, with the exception of her fondness for the butcher's boy, "Jem," was considered a satisfactory servant. At the commencement of November, however, she was taken ill and left her situation of her own accord, going to lodge at 1, Providence Place, Westminster, with a Mrs. Mundell. Martha was not well off for money at the time—her yearly pay as a servant only amounted to eight pounds—and she could not afford to take a room for herself, so she shared Mrs. Mundell's bed, paying eighteen pence a week for the privilege.

Old Mrs. Mundell was a strange body, always exhibiting her treasures, most of which she kept in a little reticule, which she carried about with her wherever she went, and even took to bed with her at night. Martha got on very well with the old lady, and after a day or two was shown the collection of relics which she had collected. Among the treasures were two pieces of paper which looked like banknotes, and which Mrs. Mundell was accustomed to hide hurriedly in her bag whenever anyone seemed curious about them. These aroused Martha's curiosity; she was certain that they were banknotes, and, wanting to see how much they were for, she watched for an opportunity. It was not long in coming. On the last day of November, as the old lady was putting her valuables back into her bag, Martha caught sight of the corner of one of the notes. It bore the value of £5. All that afternoon the servant thought what a vast sum five pounds would be to her. There were two notes. Together they would be more than a whole year's wages. She could buy a new dress. She could live in comfort. She could do —— But the notes were not hers.

Shortly before eight o'clock on the morning of December 1, Ann Gaze, the married daughter of Mrs. Mundell, was awakened by Martha Browning, who asked her to come round to Providence Place, as soon as possible, as Mrs. Mundell was very ill, and had been seized with a fit at about seven that morning. Mrs. Gaze went at once with Martha, and the latter then told her that the patient had been shouting out: "Murder! murder! What are you doing to me?" A Mrs. Chester, who lodged in the next room, had knocked at the door, but Martha had not been able to let her in as she was busy holding the old lady down at the time.

BUT THE NOTES WERE NOT HERS.

When they reached the house Mrs. Gaze went upstairs, Martha remaining below. At first Mrs. Gaze could not see her mother. The bed had three chairs piled on it, and obviously no one was in it. Then, as she was about to leave the room, she saw Mrs. Mundell lying on her back, in her nightdress, on a box. There was a cord round her neck, tied in a knot. Mrs. Gaze tried to undo the rope, but could not do so. The old woman was quite dead.

Horrified, Mrs. Gaze ran downstairs and asked someone to fetch a doctor. Martha Browning ran out in search of one, and, meeting a baker's boy, told him what had happened. The lad, Little by name, went at once to the house, and was shown where the body lay. No one entered the room with him. He hoped that life was not quite extinct, so at once cut the cord round the neck; his action, however, was useless. An hour elapsed before a doctor came, and then after looking at the body he said that life had been extinct for some time. That evening an inquest was held by the coroner of Westminster, and a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind" was returned. No medical man was examined.

Of course, Martha could not possibly remain in the room where the poor woman's corpse was, so Mrs. Gaze kindly took her to her own house for a while. The Gazes lived in Rochester Row, lodging in the house of a Mrs. Smith, who had her sister staying with her.

That night Mrs. Gaze did not go to bed, so the people in the house took it in turns to sit with her. About one o'clock it was mentioned that there would probably be another inquest, as Dr. Atkinson, who was not present at the inquiry that evening, was far from satisfied about the condition of the body. This news seemed to upset Martha very much, and she sighed deeply. A little later she said that it would distress her very much to have to give evidence a second time before the coroner, adding: "Oh, dear, what are we when we are left alone? We are worse than beasts!" No one paid any attention to these remarks, for it was recognised that she was probably very much overwrought.

On the following morning, Tuesday, Martha seems to have been affected by the poverty of the people who were so kind to her, for she offered to lend some money to Mrs. Gaze, adding that she had saved fifteen pounds, which were deposited in Bedford Street, Strand. Mrs. Gaze was greatly in need of money at the time, and said that she would accompany Martha to Bedford Street to fetch it. She did so, and waited for about ten minutes at the corner of the Strand. Then Browning came back and said that if she had got enough money for the present needs, she would wait till they got home to change the five-pound note which she had got. Mrs. Gaze was not in a hurry, so they returned to Rochester Row.

On the next morning Martha accompanied the Gazes and Mrs. Smith and her daughter to the house in Providence Place to see Mrs. Mundell's body again. The sight terribly affected her, and she cried and kissed the corpse, saying: "I wonder if she is happy?" Later she kissed it again and remarked: "God knows all." Mr. Gaze, who was present, made a note of these words, for he was far from satisfied about the manner of his mother-in-law's death. Then the room door was locked and all left.

On the way home Mr. Gaze asked his wife for some money and she said that she had not got any, but, remembering that Martha had a note for £5, she asked her to get it changed and let her have a sovereign till the following Saturday. Martha readily promised to do so, and said that she would go across the road at once and get the note cashed. Mr. Gaze offered to do that for her, but she insisted on doing it herself.

In a minute or two she returned with a rueful countenance and said: "What an awful shame! That gentleman has played a trick on me, and given me a 'Bank of Elegance' note instead of a Bank of England one!"

"What's that?" inquired Mrs. Gaze, and Mr. Gaze said: "Let me have a look at it, Martha." She did so, and after examining it he returned it to her, but asked to see it again before they reached the house in Rochester Row. That time he said to Browning: "I must know where you got this note from, for my mother had two of them." "Oh, she had, Mr. Gaze! She had!" exclaimed Martha. The note in question was easily recognised on account of several peculiar spots of grease on one corner of it.

Martha then asked Mr. Gaze what she had better do, as the note had been given to her by a gentleman. Gaze naturally said that she ought to see him and find out where he got it from. To this she assented, and asked him if he would accompany her to Bedford Street. He agreed, but, wishing to impress the stranger went upstairs and put on a military tunic and his cross belts. Then he started off with Martha, going by way of the Park and through the Horse Guards.

When the couple were in Whitehall, opposite Scotland Yard, Martha fell into Mr. Gaze's arms in a fainting condition, exclaiming that she felt so ill that she had better put off going till the following day.

"If you cannot walk any farther, I had better call a policeman to assist you," said Mr. Gaze.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't call a policeman! I will try to go a little farther if you will help me," replied the woman. So Gaze took hold of both her hands and led her across the road. As soon as they reached the pavement on the opposite side, just outside Scotland Yard, Martha fell back into his arms again, and sobbed out:

"I cannot keep it any longer; I murdered the old woman and deprived your wife of her mother!"

Then she caught tight hold of Gaze and begged him to pray for her guilty soul and to forgive her. Gaze called the nearest policeman and gave her in charge. She seemed dazed, and when handed over by the inspector to Constable Adams to be conveyed to Gardener's Lane Station she clung to him and exclaimed: "Policeman, don't expose me, for I did it! I did it!" She repeated a like statement of her guilt to others who came to see her that day, then she became mentally deranged for a time, and was scarcely fit to plead when she was placed at the bar at the Old Bailey on December 17, 1845, before Mr. Justice Patteson.

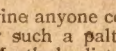
Her repeated acknowledgment of her guilt was brought as testimony against her, as well as her possession of the notes, which were merely specimens of the engraver's art, and which the poor old woman had treasured for years on account of the giver of them.

Dr. Atkinson was called to give medical evidence. He stated that Mrs. Mundell had been slowly strangled. A cord had been placed twice round her neck and tied, but not tightly. A hand or some instrument had then been inserted under one turn at the back of the neck, and thus pressure applied. This accounted for there being two marks on the front of the neck and only one on the back.

The coroner's jury had been misled by the statement that many years previously the old woman had attempted to take her own life by poison, and naturally thought that she had succeeded at last while temporarily insane.

On this testimony, the jury had no course open to them except to find a verdict of Guilty, and the customary sentence of death was passed. Some slight doubt, however, was felt as to Browning's mental soundness at the time of committing the crime, and the Royal clemency was extended to her, her sentence being commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

It is hard to imagine anyone committing a crime of such awful magnitude for such a paltry motive, and it is even harder to conceive Martha's distress when she found that she had jeopardised her life for worthless banknotes.



### He Would be Heard.

When Justice Gurney was at the bar he was considered an adept at criminal law, and was looked upon at the Old Bailey as one of the leading lawyers, though it was said he rose mainly by his gravity and a skilful use of two phrases: "Hush!" and "Shut that door!" Whenever he wished for a moment's pause to collect his thoughts, or give his witness time, he affected to hear a pin fall, and complained of the noise. "My lord, it is impossible for the jury to hear what I have to say in this confusion." By steadily adhering to this course the ushers and doorkeepers were forced to attend to their duty, and those who were not familiar with the court inferred that, as silence was more complete while Mr. Gurney was speaking, he must be better worth listening to than other barristers. They listened; what they heard was good, though not wonderful. His reputation increased till he rose to the bench, and became one of the most respected judges in England.

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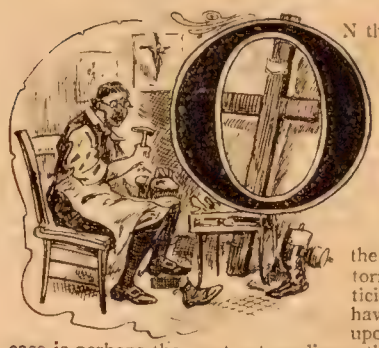
### She Remembered Him.

Mr. Adolphus, the eminent Old Bailey counsel, was taking a short cut home one evening, and was passing through St. Giles's, when an Irishwoman came up, and said to him: "Why, Misther Adolphus, who'd 'a' thought of seeing you in the Holy Ground?" "And how came you to know who I am?" said the lawyer. "Lord bless and save ye, sir, not know ye? Why, I'd know ye if ye was boiled up in a soup!"

# A CASE OF SELF-CRUCIFIXION.

"Oh! I will die the strangest death of all!"
—LEMAIRE, "The Romans" (1788).



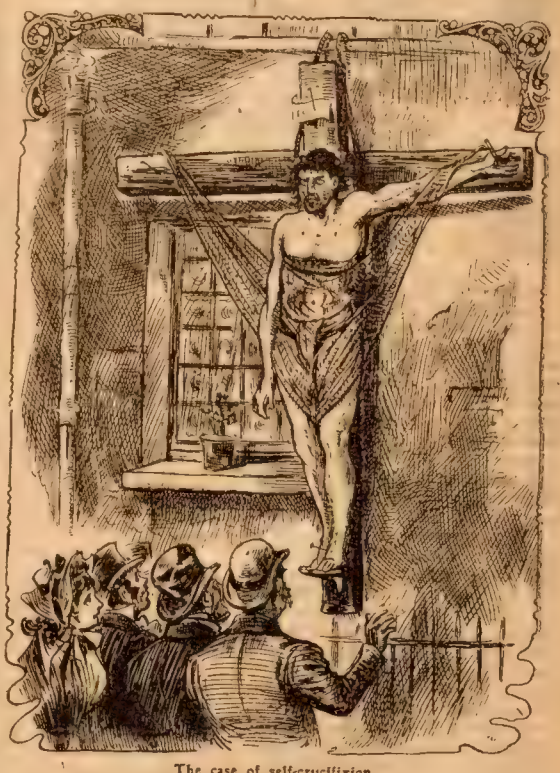
N the morning of the 19th of July, 1805, a Venetian named Matthew Lovat attempted to commit suicide in perhaps the most extraordinary manner in the history of self-murders. Of the many wonderful torments which fanaticism and insanity have led men to inflict upon themselves, this case is perhaps the most extraordinary that we ever remember having heard of, and it forms altogether a most curious and singular phenomenon in the history of the human mind.

From his earliest infancy Lovat exhibited signs of a perverted imagination. He was a shoemaker by trade, and continued to work at this occupation until his forty-sixth year, when he determined upon performing his act of pious suicide; and the manner in which he accomplished it exhibits a remarkable instance of either fortitude or insensibility.

Having made up his mind to crucify himself, he worked a little every day in forming the instrument of his death, and provided himself with the necessary nails, ropes, bands, a crown of thorns, etc. As he foresaw that it would be difficult to fasten himself securely upon the cross, he made a net of small cord, strong enough to support his weight, in case he should happen to disengage himself from it. This net he secured at the bottom by fastening it in a knot at the lower extremities of the perpendicular beam, a little below the bracket designed to support his feet, and the other end was stretched to the extremities of the transverse spar which formed the arms of the cross, so that it had the appearance in front of a purse turned upside down. From the middle of the upper end of the net thus placed proceeded one rope, and from the point at which the spars forming the cross intersected each other, a second rope proceeded, both of which were firmly tied to a beam in the inside of the room, immediately above the window, the parapet of which was very low; and the length of these ropes was just sufficient to allow the cross to rest horizontally upon the floor of the apartment.

These preparations having been made, Lovat proceeded to crown his head with thorns, of which two or three pierced the skin which covered the forehead. He next bound a white handkerchief round his loins and thighs, leaving the rest of his body bare. Then, passing his legs between the net and the cross, and seating himself upon it, he took one of the nails intended for his hands, and of which the point was smooth and sharp, and introducing it into the palm of his left hand, he drove it, by striking its head against the floor, until half of it appeared through the back of the hand. He now adjusted his feet to the bracket which had been prepared to receive them, the right over the left, and taking a nail five inches and a-half in length, of which the point was also polished and sharp, and placing it on the upper foot with his left hand, he drove it in with a hammer, which he held in his right hand, until it not only penetrated both his feet but, entering the hole prepared for it in the bracket, made its way so far through the tree of the cross as to fasten the victim firmly to it. He planted the third nail in his right hand, as he had managed with regard to the left, and having bound himself by the middle to the upright of the cross by a cord, which he had previously stretched under him, he began inflicting a wound in his side with a cobbler's knife, which he had placed by him for the operation. Whether fear or pain checked his hand, or whether he intended to plunge the knife to a greater depth by avoiding the hard and resisting parts, it is not easy to determine; but there were observed in the neighbourhood of the wound several scratches across the body which hardly penetrated the skin. It is, however, probable that he scratched his side in this manner when probing for a place that would present no obstables to his knife.

These bloody operations being concluded, it was now necessary, in order to complete the execution of the whole plan which he had conceived, that Lovat should exhibit himself upon the cross to the gaze of the public, and this he did in the following manner. The cross was laid horizontally on the floor, its lower extremity resting upon the parapet of the window, which, as has been already said, was very low; so raising himself by pressing upon the points of his fingers—for the nails did not permit of his using his whole hand, either open or closed—he made several springs forward until that portion of the cross which extended over the parapet overbalanced that which was in the room, and the whole frame with the poor fanatic upon it shot out of the window, and remained suspended outside of the house by the ropes which were secured to the beam in the inside. In this predicament Lovat stretched his hands to the extremities of the transverse beam which formed the arms of the cross, to insert the nails into the holes which he had made for their reception; but whether it was out of his power to fix both, or whether he was obliged to use the right in some concluding operation, the fact is that when he was seen by the people that passed in the street he was suspended under the window with only his left hand nailed to the cross, while his right hand hung



The case of self-crucifixion.

parallel to his body on the outside of the net. It was then eight o'clock in the morning, and as soon as he was perceived, some humane people ran upstairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. A surgeon was called in, who dressed his wounds, and he eventually recovered. It was ascertained from examination that the nails had entered the palms of the hands, and gone out at the back, making their way between the bones of the metacarpus, and without inflicting any injury to them. The nail which had been driven into the feet had entered first the right foot between the second and third bones of the metatarsus towards their posterior extremity; then the left, between the first and second of the same bones, the latter of which it had laid bare and grazed. The wound of the hypocondriac had penetrated to the point of the cavity.

After the wretched man had recovered, he was removed to a lunatic hospital, where, however, he exhibited no symptoms of madness, except those which fanaticism is apt to engender. At intervals he would refuse all food, in order, as he said, to mortify nature, and these resolutions frequently repeated reduced him to that state which finally ended in death.

I.

## INTRODUCTION.

TO find the origin of executions, we shall have to go back into the dimmest ages of the past, far before books were written, before man was acquainted with the use of iron, nay, even before he had any knowledge of metals. Back into the times when the world was peopled by savages only a few degrees removed from the lower animals, dwelling in groups, each group paying homage to some inanimate object, which was used to represent some mighty, unseen power. By instinct, rather than for purposes of mutual protection, the primitive inhabitants of the world collected themselves into groups, and each little coterie having the same "god" was at enmity with all other human beings. The "Plum Tree man" saw in the "Black Rock man" only one who offended the spirit of the Plum Tree, and admission of the outsider into the charmed circle of devotees of the Plum Tree would draw down the vengeance of the tutelary deity. Therefore, the interloper had to be sacrificed to appease the angry spirit, that the Plum Tree men might dwell in safety.

Time progressed, and, with the awakening intelligence, the group dwellers conceived the possibility of certain of their own clans committing actions which would draw down the wrath of the "god." Accordingly, it was decreed that the offender should be offered as a sacrifice to the outraged majesty of the unknown power, and thus disaster averted from the community. These sacrifices were directly punishments inflicted on the individual for the good of the community, though they took the form of religious ceremonies; they must, therefore, be considered as the earliest executions.

In our own island there may be found distinct traces of such sacrificial executions in the relics of the temples of Druidical worship abounding in the South of England.

When we come, however, to ask in what manner these unfortunate individuals were put to death, we find ourselves confronted with a problem which it is impossible to solve accurately. Did the idea of offering sacrifices for sin occur to mankind before the era when he learnt to make cutting implements of stone? If so, then it is probable that the earliest malefactors were killed by blows from a stick, or had their heads crushed with a weighty rock. If, on the other hand, the knowledge of the use of edged tools preceded the recognition of the existence of personal, as distinct from tribal wrong, then it is not unlikely that the higher implement, the stone knife, was used to give greater solemnity to the solemn ceremony.

To come to the times when records were kept. The Chinese state that their codes date back from ages when the whole of the rest of the world was sunk in savagery, and it is certain that the Chinese annals are very ancient, though probably not as old as the Yellow Man claims them to be. In the Ancient Laws of China we find mention of beheading as the prescribed mode of execution—a humane means of killing a fellow-creature, which, in later days, the Chinese managed to elaborate into the most refined cruelty.

Those very ancient books, the Vedas, are distinctly against the taking of life, and no provision is made for the punishment of offenders in the Brahminical code beyond the life-long ostracism necessarily following on loss of "caste." Again, the process of years brought about a change in the legal procedure of the Hindoos, and the infliction of the death penalty became only too common in India. These innovations will be described in later numbers, to which we must refer our readers for particulars of the methods of execution mentioned in this introduction to our series.

Bhuddha also was a peaceable prophet, and laid down no directions concerning executions for the guidance of his followers. Coming to Egyptian times, we have records of one of the officials at the Court of the Pharaohs having been executed by means of poison, while other inscriptions tell us of certain malefactors who were ordered to kill themselves, and obediently did so. Tablets recording the exploits of Egyptian and Assyrian monarchs also indicate the use of the axe in those early days, so we may conclude that capital punishment found favour in the eyes of those very old-time sovereigns.

The Mosaic law is full of mention of the punishment of death, the principal mode of execution being stoning, though hanging seems to have been recognised from the fact that in Deuteronomy xxi. instructions are given to the effect that when a man has been hanged his body is to be cut down before nightfall, and not left dangling on the tree throughout the hours of darkness. Beheading seems to have been considered a more honourable death, and it is the punishment generally meted out to enemies.

The Greeks and Romans were ready enough to take life on the slightest pretext. The Draconian code recognised but one penalty—death. The Roman magistrates were preceded by their lictors, carrying a bundle of rods and an axe, so that summary punishment might be meted out to offenders, while the horrors of the gladiatorial fights, sometimes utilised as a means of executing malefactors, and the bloodthirsty delights of the Coliseum, where evil-doers, according to Roman law, were thrown to the wild beasts, have often been the theme of poet and author, and only need mention to be recalled to the minds of our readers.

With the advent of mediæval days, we find the list of modes of inflicting the death penalty swollen to enormous dimensions. Indeed, one is inclined to think that the abilities of skilled men must have been basely prostituted to evolve modes of execution so barbarous that even the untutored savage stands aghast at the bare idea of them. Burning, hanging, quartering, poisoning, beheading, braining, breaking on the wheel, drowning, flaying alive, tearing to pieces by horses, all are to be found in the category of executions of the Middle Ages, to say nothing at all about the diabolic tortures which have already been ably treated in these columns.

The wave of blood having passed over the world, it is but reasonable to expect that the severities of judicial death should be considerably mitigated, and a brief search into modern history will show that, of the host of legal means of killing offenders which were all in use as late as the

middle of the seventeenth century, very few survive to this day. On the other hand, the advance of ages has only produced one fresh form of inflicting the death sentence, and that one was introduced, not to enhance the punishment, but to lessen the sufferings of the malefactor. We refer to the mode of electrocution practised in the United States of America. Whether it is really an improvement on some of the existing methods we shall consider later on. It may be objected that the blowing from guns, practised by our soldiery at the time of the Indian Mutiny, was a new punishment, but the best records show that it was not by any means a distinct innovation, while, even if it were, it was practised for so short a time as to be unworthy of record.

Thus we have come down to the present day in our hurried glance at the history of executions, and we find that in the civilised countries of the world only eight means of executing criminals are recognised. According to the country in which the murderer is condemned, he will suffer death by the guillotine, the sword, the gallows, the rifle, the garotte, the axe, the strangling cord, or the electric chair. With each of these we shall deal at length, as well as with many obsolete modes of taking life, so that, when this series is complete, our readers will have in their possession a complete account of all the methods of execution recognised as legal from the earliest days down to the present time. Though we shall not preserve any chronological order in this series, so many punishments having been introduced at about the same time, and being closely allied to other modes of execution, we shall first present to our readers an account of the oldest form of inflicting the death penalty, which, most probably, was

## DEATH BY STONING.

If, as we have premised, executions took place before the prehistoric man had any knowledge of the use of cutting instruments, then the earliest execution was soon over. The victim was merely held or bound, and a blow on the head with some heavy implement, probably a lump of rock, did the rest.

Leaving this very archaic judicial slaughter, for it is hypothetical, we find our first definite description of the infliction of the penalty of stoning in Mosaic times. The ancient Law of Moses contains a long list of offences, each of which was to be punished by stoning, and here it is worthy of note that the old Jewish law-giver did not confine his decrees to mankind alone. For instance, he lays down the rule that if a bull gore a man, the unfortunate beast is to be led outside the camp and there stoned to death, and in other places we find instructions given for animals to suffer the same penalty as men.

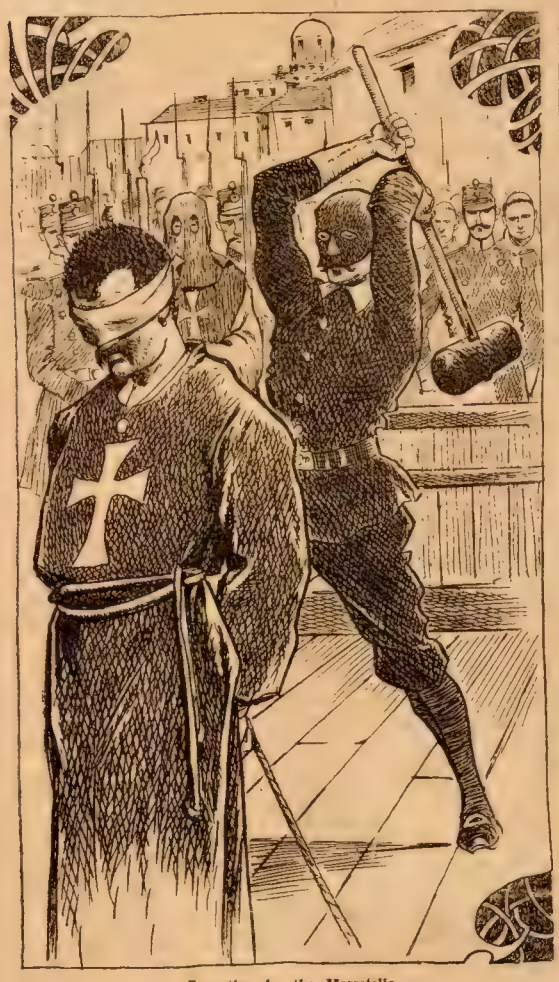
But to a description of the scene. The culprit was led outside the town to a place set apart for such grim ceremonies. Around him was the rabble of idle loungers, eager for something to distract them, perhaps heaping invective on the head of the unfortunate wight whose moments on earth were numbered. It is a motley crowd, each member of it seeming to vie with his neighbour in lending an air of gaiety to the scene, for all are dressed in the bright colours so dear to the heart of the Oriental. Rags there are, and many of them, but they are coloured rags, which flutter in the slight breeze which stirs the hot air. Coarse, guttural cries resound through the air. These may be curses, or they may be merely words of commiseration, for to the Western ear the language of the East sounds very harsh. Over the unmade road, over the burning sand, parched by the fierce rays of the midday sun, streams the throng; but one, the culprit, drags wearily, till hurried along by the guardians.

STONING TO DEATH.

The scene of execution is soon reached, and it is easily recognisable by the piles of stones, each telling a tale, which cover it. An open space is selected, and the unfortunate

victim is led to it. Possibly the malefactor is a woman, and as she stands alone, awaiting the onslaught of her executioners, she covers her face with her hands and weeps silently. The crowd has formed itself around her, each individual holding in his hand a heavy stone. What are they waiting for? Why not end the awful tragedy at once? Still no one moves.

Then there is a stir in the crowd, the multi-coloured ranks part, and through the opening thus made stalks a tall Hebrew, clad in white, with a deep, coloured fringe to his garments and a little leather box bound on his forehead. Obviously he is a person of note, for he is greeted respectfully by the horde of loafers drawn from the town by the prospect of an execution. The Hebrew advances to the edge of the ring, and takes a small stone in his hand. It



Execution by the Mazzatello.

is for him that the crowd has been waiting, for he it was who first accused the condemned.

Will he cast a stone at the feeble figure standing alone like a lamb in the midst of the butchers? Certainly he will, for he is a rigid follower of the law, which directs that the accuser shall first cast a stone at the fellow-being condemned to death through his agency, and, were it his own daughter who was awaiting death, his reverence for the law would compel him to take a part in fulfilling her sentence.

Scornfully he tosses the pebble towards the shrinking figure.

It is enough! He has given the signal, and in an instant a shower of stones fall round the poor woman. A few hit her and she stumbles, only to be smitten again by a larger missile. Then she is beaten to the ground by the cloud of stones which encircle her. One strikes her on the chest, and she utters a cry, the first sound that has passed her lips since she was led away from the judgment hall. Another large boulder falls heavily on her tender breast, and again she exclaims, but this time it is faint. Blow after blow she receives, but feels them not, for she is unconscious. Still the roughs hurl stones. At last the end comes; borne down by the weight of rock which covers her, the poor woman expires. Even then the self-appointed executioners do not cease piling stones on the lifeless corpse, for she is to be covered with stone and left on the place of execution, to form another of the numerous piles which we noted on our arrival there.

Their task ended, the rabble streams gaily back to the town, without even giving a thought to the unfortunate woman whom they have just done to death. It is the law, so why should they? But, one by one, there creep to the place of death other women who loved the sinner, and who wish to see where their erring sister is lying. Let us leave them to their sorrow.

Such was an ordinary execution by stoning in the days when the Mosaic law was carried out in all its severity. In the case of graver offenders, the execution did not end with the death of the malefactor. His property, including any cattle of which he might be possessed, and, in some cases, his relations, too, were all likewise stoned to death, that there might not be left on earth any living or dead thing to remind the people of him. Everything, including the corpses, was then burnt, and the ashes either sprinkled to the winds, or a cairn made over the débris as a perpetual warning to the living not to follow in the footsteps of the dead. In the historic books of the Jewish nation we have a record of one Achan suffering this fate.

Though stoning as a means of inflicting the death penalty has died out, yet traces of its hold on the people are to be found to this day in the East. For example, close to Mecca, the sacred city of the Mahometans, there is a valley, into which each of the pious pilgrims who visits Mecca, in the hope of thus ensuring bliss for all eternity must cast seven stones. This is called "stoning the devil," and is a distinct link with the times when the enemy and the sinner met their deaths at the hand of the angry populace. The immediate followers of Mahomet, knowing the tradition of stoning and how the people feared it, added this to the ceremonies to be observed when making "the Haj," as the pilgrimage is called

Having thus dealt with stoning as a punishment now long since discarded, we will briefly consider a means of execution which was in force not so very many years ago. This is

## THE MAZZATELLO.

To witness an execution by this barbarous method it is not to semi-civilised lands of the East, in the days when the world was young, and the people ground down under a harsh law which recognised only vengeance, and an angry deity which had to be appeased at any sacrifice, that we have to journey in fancy, but to the sunny climes of fair Italy, no longer ago than the last century, for it was in the Papal States that the mazzatello flourished, in the territory which claimed to be the most civilised portion of the world, ruled over entirely by ecclesiastics! Here clerics governed, clerics administered the law, and clerics sentenced their offending brothers to be slain on the scaffold.

The worst part of the punishment of the mazzatello was the preparation for it. The condemned man was entirely at the mercy of the priesthood, who were most anxious that he should make his peace with heaven before he was hurried into the presence of his Creator. To this end, from the moment he was condemned, his minutes were apportioned out at so many to each religious exercise. Unhappy criminal! He knew that until he was supposed to be ready for heaven he would not be brought out on to the scaffold, yet all the time he felt that the progress he was making in the paths of rectitude was daily bringing him closer to the grip of the executioner. How he must have hoped that the clergy who were in charge of him should not see too great an improvement in him each day!

But there was no hope for him. He knew that, sooner or later, he must face the executioner and the mob who came to see him die, and at last, through very weariness, he took an interest in the efforts being made to bring him to a state of repentance. All the while, however, he was in ignorance of the day when he was to suffer. At last one morning he was considered fit to die, and was told that on the following day he would have to meet his death.

At once he was conducted to the prison chapel, which he would only leave to go to the scaffold. Two priests attended him constantly through those twenty-four hours, praying with him, exhorting him, trying to cheer him up. Through the long hours of the night he was kept at prayer,

till his brain was in a whirl, and the mere formulæ which proceeded from his lips had no meaning for him. At dawn on the day of his death he was given the sacrament, and then he was delivered over to the executioner's assistants, who bound him firmly with cords.

Accompanied by a priest, he was led out to the public square, where a scaffold had been erected On the platform was a coffin, and by it stood a tall man, garbed in black and masked, who leant on a heavy mallet, or poleaxe. This instrument was the mazza or mazzatello.

On to the scaffold the culprit was led, and, after a few final prayers from the priest, the while the executioner, or "carnefice," was fingering the haft of his mace, he was asked if he were ready. In a feeble voice he assented.

Standing behind the condemned, the executioner then raised the awful mallet, swung it once or twice in the air, as if to test his strength, and then, with a resounding thud, brought it down with his full force on the head of the doomed. Like a stricken ox, the convict fell to the ground, his blood and brains oozing from the crushed skull. Possibly the first blow was not sufficient, and then the carnefice had to deal a second with his ponderous weapon, while the people expressed their disapproval by hisses and muttered curses. At last the poor wretch was stretched on the ground, either lifeless, or, at least, insensible. To make his work complete, the human butcher then drew a long sharp knife from his belt and deftly cut the murderer's throat.

To the mumbled prayers of the cleric, the mangled and bleeding corpse was then hurried into the coffin and taken off to the chapel again, for requiems to be sung over it before it was consigned to the tomb. The whole method of execution was most revolting, and the most hardened dwellers in the Papal States inveighed against it, but to no purpose. However, with the invasion of Garibaldi and the constitution of a United Italy, however much that may be regretted by some, this odious means of taking life was done away with, to the delight of the entire civilised world.

From a scientific point of view, the mazzatello was not a very inhumane mode of execution, always provided that the executioner was able to stun his victim at the first blow. In practice, however, it was found that frequently the nerves of the slaughterer failed him at the last moment, possibly on account of the dreaded comments of the crowd, and possibly because he realised the fearful nature of his task. The unfortunate convict then suffered intensely for a very appreciable period, until subsequent blows brought unconsciousness. The use of the knife was merely as a precaution, the original idea of the mace being to avoid the spilling of blood.

# Taverns Associated with Famous Crimes.

"Drink to-day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow."
—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. "The Bloody Brother," Act. II., Sc. 2.

FEW stories of crime are more extraordinary than that of Jonathan Bradford, for, though it has passed almost into a legend, it is perfectly true and has been already fully described in these columns. The public-house in which the murder of the rich old gentleman by his footman occurred was on the Oxford Road, and situated in a very lonely part of the highway between London and the University town. It was called the Ring o' Bells, and was distant some fourteen miles from the seat of learning. The house was an old one, and when coaching ceased and railways came into being, it was demolished — the year being 1841—and not the oldest habitué of the road could now show a curious visitor the spot where it stood. "The murder at the roadside inn," as this case was always talked of, became the subject of many dramas and ballads, and is played in booths and portables visiting country fairs even to this day.

There is an old tavern at Ludlow, in Shropshire, which was once the scene of a very famous crime, though I shall not give the appellation, for obvious reasons, of the hostelry to which I allude. In the thirties and forties of the last century it was the usual resort of commercial travellers visiting the town, and there arrived at this house, on one occasion, a certain Mr. Mackreth, who arranged to stay till morning, and was given his customary apartment. He awoke in the middle of the night to find himself terribly wounded in the throat and covered with blood He heard some person glide swiftly from the room and then, injured as he was and faint from loss of blood, he proceeded downstairs and gave the alarm. The unfortunate traveller was seen to be in a dreadful state indeed, and it was a marvel that he ever recovered from his wounds. It was clearly established that someone had been concealed beneath his bed, and that robbery was the motive for the blood-thirsty attack. A very young man, named Josiah Misters, was suspected of being the guilty intruder, and it was proved that he had followed Mackreth from the town he had visited previous to Ludlow, and had engaged a bedroom at the latter place next to that of the man he designed to kill. A blood-stained razor was found in the yard at the back of the inn, and this lay in a position suggesting that Misters had flung it out of his bedroom window after the attempted murder. He was tried, convicted, and hanged at Shrewsbury, though I believe he never actually admitted his guilt.

The crime of the brothers M'Keand in 1826 has already been described in our pages. They murdered a Mrs. Blears, the wife of the landlord at the Jolly Carters, at Winton, near Worsley, which is some few miles from Manchester. This roadside house was taken down a year or two afterwards, as it was found impossible to let it, even at a very low rental, but there is now a big modern tavern not very far from the spot.

Also in the county of Lancashire there is the well-known hostelry called Bill o' Jakes, which is on the high road, not far from Oldham. The bodies of two men were discovered in an outhouse attached to this place many years ago, and they had been barbarously murdered. The criminal or criminals in this case were never discovered—the year was 1837, if I remember rightly—and the scene of the crime, which is quite one of the show-places in the neighbourhood, is not far from the lonely moor where two men were found shot, probably by poachers, a short time ago.

Chapman's public-house, The Crown, in the Borough Road, will, we suppose, always be an object of interest to the morbidly inclined, as will the miserable little shop in Wyndham Road, Camberwell, where Edwards, or Owens, performed his murderous exploits.

The stories of both tragedies have yet to figure in these papers.

At a village near Chester stood until recently a low, thatch-roofed alehouse, where a double murder was committed a few years back. The place was then conducted by an old man and his housekeeper, who, beside retailing beer to thirsty travellers, were in the habit of letting beds to the tired wayfarer. Both were found barbarously murdered one evening, and a tramp was arrested, charged, tried and ultimately hanged at Chester for the crime, which originated from motives of plunder.

The Rising Sun, at the corner of Holywell Street—now demolished to make room for the Strand-to-Holborn improvements—was the scene of a crime of passion a few years ago, and in this case the landlord, having killed a woman in his employ, was judged to be insane. Many other public-houses in London have been the scenes of atrocious crimes, and last year (1903) there was quite a small epidemic of barmaid-killing.

At Liverpool there is a street running from Great George Square which is now called Grenville Street, and at the Leicester Hotel, in the farther end of this road, was committed a fearful series of murders in 1849, by Gleeson Wilson, a man who engaged apartments there, slept one night, and murdered the entire family the following morning. The house was transformed into a tavern almost immediately after the crime, and has met with many vicissitudes since then, though it is said to be prospering under the present management. Until comparatively recently a stain on the grate was always pointed out as the life-blood of one of the victims, a maid-servant, named Mary Parr, and the proprietors—there have been many—have produced a sketch-book with some horrible pictures of the murders and their details, which was prepared at the time, and which has been preserved at the house ever since.

How a monster in human shape, hitherto bearing an excellent reputation for respectability and humanity, decoyed away and brutally murdered a little boy and threw the body into one of the Liverpool docks in 1891.

# John Conway

"If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch!"
—SHAKESPEARE, "King John," Act IV., Sc. 1.

THERE were circumstances in connection with the crime of which John Conway was guilty which exalt it to a plane far above the ordinary. The features of this tragic affair are quite removed from the common run. Here we have a man long past the meridian of life, who had conducted himself, to the best of general belief, soberly and respectably through a long and varied career. His steadiness and good conduct had won for him respect and esteem, and he had filled more than one trustworthy post with credit to himself and satisfaction to those who employed him. Yet there existed some secret canker in this man's soul which brought him at last to a disgraceful and shameful end. His story is an exceedingly strange one, showing how depraved a heart may beat in the least suspected bosom, and how little in the way of evil inspiration it requires to plunge a man of outward respectability into the very blackest sin. None who came into contact with John Conway in the routine of daily life could have suspected the presence of a lurking demon, which was soon to make his name a byword for ferocious cruelty. He was, to all seeming, a quiet and well-conducted man, humane and trustworthy, yet his name will go down to posterity as that of one of the most brutal murderers that the last century, rich in its legions of atrocious criminals, ever produced. He killed, without motive, an innocent boy, and he himself was hardly able to assign a reason for his deed. He killed for the joy of killing. He was imbued and saturated with a desire to slay. It is of this murderer, this respectable, grave, bearded seaman, that it is recorded that when asked to explain how the thought of such a gory deed could ever have crossed his mind, he exclaimed, "I wanted to watch the actual process of dying." His was the temperament of the vivisector, without even the vivisector's excuse. The process of dying! And to gloat over the few moments of death-agony, this fiend lured to his office a young boy with the gift of a sixpence, there killed him with every circumstance of horror, and, thrusting the body into a carpet-bag, sought to cast it into the deep and there hide the evidences of an abominable crime.

There are a few murderers who have made red-letter marks in the calendar of crime, and amongst these John Conway is assuredly worthy of a place. His name and his deed are still execrated in the great seaport town in which he played his part, and he figures in all the waxwork shows—from Reynolds's downwards—as a monster who will never be quite forgotten. With these few preliminary remarks, let us attempt to describe the crime and the criminal.

John Conway had reached the age of three score years when the lurid story opens. As a matter of actual fact, he was sixty-one when his career—as a delegate of a seamen's union and, incidentally, a murderer of a child—was brought to an ignoble and premature close. He was a native of Galway, a strict Roman Catholic, and apparently a man of deep religious convictions. In the terrible confession which he left to the world he refers to his drinking habits, but those who had occasion to do business with him had never seen him in an intoxicated condition, and it is not unlikely that he mentioned these imbibing practices as affording some palliation for his diabolical deed. However that may be, he held a responsible position as a trusted delegate of an important seamen's union, and his duties were performed in a perfectly proficient manner. He had, I believe, been a ship's fireman, but he was educated above the common run of such people, and his steadiness and intelligence won for him a better position than might have been anticipated from his antecedents. He had been in Liverpool for some time prior to the crime, and was well liked and respected by those in authority, whose connection with the seamen's society brought them into contact with him.

In appearance he was a tall, thin, rather cadaverous-looking man, hardly appearing so old as his actual years, and his countenance was grave and his manner taciturn. His hair and beard were only slightly grey, his eyes deep-sunken, and his whole bearing suggested a reserved and secretive temperament. His soul ran riot within him, his thoughts were of the most hideous kind, but he had his features well under control, and no trace was permitted to show of the real feelings which animated this singular being, who was always calm and placid, and yet who committed murder in a whirlwind of delirious lust for blood.

I think I can see him now as he appeared at his trial, clad in a sort of seafaring attire, and holding a sou'-wester in one thin hand. The other occasionally clutched the rail of the dock, as his eyes wandered restlessly about the crowded court, and yet he remained self-possessed and impassive, alert to catch at any straw to save himself, and bending down every now and then to make suggestions to his solicitor or to consult him on some point in the evidence.

The name of the youthful victim of this remarkable man was Nicholas Martin, the son of an under-warehouseman residing at 34, Bridgwater Street, and he was just twelve years old. This boy was last seen alive in the street in which he lived at nine o'clock in the evening of Saturday, May 16th 1891. He went a few yards from his own house at the time and wanted to go to the market with his mother, but she told him to go home, and the lad proceeded back in that direction. The father, it seems, kept a strict watch on his son's movements, and insisted on his being at home every evening at a particular hour, so that his mother, missing the boy on her return, did not like to tell Mr. Martin that Nicholas had not been seen since she left him in the street until it was impossible to keep his absence a secret any longer. Shortly afterwards, however, a frightful discovery was made in one of the docks. A bag was found in the Sandon basin, which is distant three miles from Bridgwater street, and that bag contained the mutilated remains of a boy, which the unfortunate father was speedily able to recognise as those of Nicholas Martin.

The body was discovered by Police Constable 162 on the Tuesday following the disappearance of the lad, floating in the basin of the Sandon Dock, and on getting it out, he found that it contained the dead body of a boy, a saw, a knife, and some pieces of brown paper. He removed the body to the deadhouse, and took the other articles to the police office. This constable was ill-advised enough to wash the knife and the saw, which might have shown traces of human blood, for which he was reprimanded by the coroner at the inquest. In the meanwhile, excitement in Liverpool and the district, which had been at fever-heat since the discovery of the remains, was fired by the news of an important arrest. A capture was made late on the Tuesday night, and though the police proved very reticent of information as to the name of the suspected man, and declined to give any particulars about him, it was soon known that the authorities attached a great deal of importance to the circumstance. In a day or two it leaked out that the suspect was John Conway, alias Conally, alias Brown, alias O'Donnell, a paid delegate of the Southend branch of the National Amalgamated Seamen's and Firemen's Union. He had been lodging with a Mrs. Brown, at 56, Bridgwater Street, a few yards distant from the office of the Union, at 19, Stanhope Street. When he was arrested, about midnight on Tuesday, and taken to the detective office, a woman who kept a store in Park Lane picked him out of twenty men and identified him as having on the previous Monday purchased the bag in which the body was found, and as having also on the same night bought the blankets in which the remains had been wrapped.

The police next discovered four boys who knew the prisoner, and who saw him come out of the house in Stan-

hope Street carrying the bag on the Monday night. They offered to help him with his load, but he pushed them on one side, hailed a hansom, and drove off in a northerly direction. The cabman was promptly found, and immediately identified Conway, whom he said he drove to St. George's Pier-head, when the latter alighted, and, taking the bag from the top of the cab, went down the landing-stage bridge by the outside footwalk.

The next step was to examine the house in Stanhope Street, and this task was carried out by Deputy Head Constable Allbut and Inspector Collingwood, who found that the premises consisted of a kitchen, with a cellar below, and two rooms upstairs, the kitchen being used as the office of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union.

The police went upstairs, and found that the walls and floor of the top room, which contained no furniture of any kind, were smeared with recent blood. They removed some of the flooring, and found beneath a quantity of congealed blood. Some portion of the surface of the floor had apparently been hastily washed; but this had not obliterated the tell-tale stains. As delegate of the Union, Conway received

THE BOYS OFFERED TO HELP HIM.

from the headquarters at Sunderland a quantity of paper, and this paper was of similar manufacture to that found in the bag, and bore precisely the same marks. The police at the time believed that the saw and the knife found in the bag were not utilised for the actual murder, but were procured afterwards to mutilate the body, and it may be added that a blood-stained razor was afterwards found in New Bird Street, close to the prisoner's lodging.

Altogether, the case already looked very black against Conway, who, although at first manifesting indifference to the charge, began to feel his position very keenly when he had been a day or two in custody, and these discoveries, so strongly indicating his guilt, were being made by the police.

As a matter of fact, on Thursday, May 21—the day of the adjourned inquest—the prisoner made a very determined effort to cut his throat with a knife, which he had contrived to lay hold of, although this fact was carefully kept from the Press and the public at the time.

On Friday, May 22, after the adjournment of the inquest, John Conway was brought up before the Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. W. J. Stewart, and the Court was filled to suffocation, an immense crowd also having assembled outside. The prisoner had been removed in the morning from the detective office to the Bridewell, where he was formally charged with the crime in the presence of the Governor. In reply, he exclaimed, "My God! My God! I am not guilty!" Only formal evidence was given, such as has been enumerated here, but it transpired that when the prisoner was apprehended, his clothes were very much stained with blood. He was also identified by Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Fontenoy Street, as a person who had bought some tools from him about eleven o'clock on the Monday morning, including the knife and saw. Conway admitted being the purchaser, and did not deny that he had bought the bag and the blankets from Mrs. Paterson, after the latter had identified him as having purchased them at her shop. He was remanded for seven days, during which time he was often visited by Mr. W. A. Tetlow, solicitor to the Union of which he was a delegate, who undertook to arrange for his defence. All sorts of stories were circulated as to the history of Conway, but it was not generally known that he had been a soldier, and that he had served with some credit in the Crimean War. Some two years before the crime he had lodged with the father of the murdered boy; but the latter had not been living with his parents at that time, and he was virtually a stranger to the prisoner now charged with slaying him.

The various examinations of the accused man only served to strengthen the chain of evidence against him. Thomas Hankey, a labourer, declared that on the night of May 16 he saw the prisoner in the act of leaving a public-house, and heard him call out to a boy, who was playing ball, "Come on, if you are coming!" He saw Conway hand the boy a sixpence, with the remark that he would not want the ball any more. The prisoner hereupon ejaculated, "God forgive you!" and proceeded to cross-examine the witness in the following strain:

The Prisoner: "What was the cause of your taking notice of that boy and that man as you say you did?"

The Witness: "On account of the curious expression you used to the boy—the expression 'You'll not want that ball any more.'"

The Prisoner: "Very good. Why didn't you proceed after that man if you had any suspicion that curious work was going on between that boy and that man?"

The Witness: "At the moment I didn't think anything was wrong."

The Prisoner: "He acted no man that didn't proceed after the pair."

The Witness: "When I heard you say 'Here is sixpence,' it threw me off my guard. I thought perhaps you were his father."

The prisoner glared momentarily at the witness, and, turning to the magistrate, said, "Your worship, I have no more to say to this white-livered man; but my curse and the curse of God go with him, the white-livered scoundrel."

When the witness was signing his depositions, the prisoner leant forward, and, referring to some deformity, remarked, "You may well have a hump on your back."

James Phillipin came forward to testify that he saw the prisoner leave 19, Stanhope Street, carrying the bag, at between half-past nine and ten o'clock on the Monday night, and him also Conway interrogated with much vehemence of manner. He asked the witness if he lifted the bag with his hands, and the magistrate inquired whom the prisoner meant by "he." The latter replied loudly and rudely, "I mean the man. I am not going to say that I am the man who did it. I should be long sorry. I would sooner a thunderbolt come down and strike me than I would do it."

The magistrate requested him not to use such language.

John Campbell, the cab-driver, repeated his testimony as to driving the prisoner from Stanhope Street to St. George's Pier-head on the night of the 18th. The prisoner said that the driver never got off the cab at all, whereupon the witness said, "Yes, I did—at the Pier-head."

This remark again awoke the ire of the prisoner, who exclaimed furiously, "Don't talk and tell before heaven a confounded lie. Oh, good God!"—as the witness left the box—"I am done with him."

Mrs. Brown, with whom he lodged, and two other inmates of her house were called, and spoke as to the prisoner's movements; while the first-named took the opportunity to give him an excellent character.

At the next and last examination, David Bache, who had an office next door to the prisoner's in Stanhope Street, stated that Conway called to him on the evening of May 19 and asked for a bucket of water; while Martha Atherton said that he purchased some washing soda at her father's shop on the same day.

George Wheaton, a publican, said that Conway came into his house about a quarter to nine o'clock on the Saturday night—at which time young Martin was playing in the street—but left immediately when he found that two friends he asked for were not there.

The prisoner asked the witness if he did not come in again that night about eleven and pay for two glasses of beer, which Wheaton denied, whereupon he said, "There is a combination against me. I took you, George, to be a gentleman, but I see that you are not. I didn't think it was in you."

The medical evidence was followed with breathless attention, as likely to afford some clue to the motive of the murderer. Dr. Paul described the post-mortem appearances, and said that death had been caused by the terrible wound in the throat. There were bruises on the face, but he was unable to say whether they had been caused before or after the infliction of the wound in the throat. From the condition of the food in the stomach of the deceased, he thought that the boy must have been killed some four hours, or possibly less, after his last meal. The witness also deposed as to the blood-stains in the room at the Stanhope Street house—undoubtedly the scene of the murder—and to the marks of blood upon the prisoner's clothing. There was nothing, he added, in the appearance of the body to indicate that motive which had been suspected for the crime.

In interrogating the constables and detectives who gave evidence as to the arrest and conduct of the prisoner, the latter gave some indications as to the line of defence, and it may be added here that Mr. Tetlow had now abandoned the case. Conway was anxious to make it known that he had bought the bag and blankets for a foreigner, to whom, he said, he had handed the bag when he met him by appointment at the Pier-head. The object of this was to induce a belief that the foreigner had murdered and mutilated the boy, had got him, Conway, to buy the bag, and had placed the remains therein and thrown it into the river. The prisoner was anxious to get Sub-Inspector Collingwood to admit that he had given this explanation from the first, but that officer declared positively that he had only mentioned these facts after Mrs. Paterson had identified him as the purchaser of the bag and blankets. In a rage, Conway said to the magistrate, with a very evil look at the witness, "I only ask him for the truth, and he will not tell it, for the truth is not in his face. God made him, and He forgot to finish him."

When the depositions had been read over and signed by the witnesses, Conway was asked if he had anything to say, the customary caution being given him. The prisoner said, "I have nothing to say but that I am regular guilty of the charge preferred to me, sir." At this there was great sensation in court. He went on, "But I wish to have that evidence produced in the public Press. It was a hidden thing until yesterday." The clerk took down the prisoner's words, read them over to him, and asked if they were correct. In reply, he said, "No, sir; I say distinctly they are not. I most emphatically declare my innocence in this court of the charge preferred against me." He was then asked to sign his statement, but he rambled on about his innocence and the perjury of the witness Hankey, finally refusing to sign his own statement even when it was pointed out to him that it merely consisted of his emphatic declaration of innocence. The prisoner was obdurate, however; he would not sign, and he was finally committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

The trial of John Conway took place at Liverpool, on Saturday, August 1st, 1891, before Mr. Justice A. L. Smith. Great interest was manifested in the trial, on which, however, it is not necessary to enlarge, seeing that the evidence given was a mere recapitulation of what has been stated here. The case was clear as noontide. The prisoner had been seen with the boy, he had lured him to Stanhope Street, he was the purchaser of the seaman's bag in which the remains were found, the knife and the saw had been traced to him, he had been seen carrying the bag to the river, and he was unable to account satisfactorily for his time on the fatal night or for the bloodstains on his person.

The defence, conducted by Mr. Segar, could merely hazard the possibility of the prisoner's story being true. It was not impossible that the prisoner had discovered the body at his office on the Monday, and that, staggered at the sight and the thought that he might be suspected, he had taken the desperate step of throwing the remains into the basin where the bag was found. The learned judge summed up at great length, and with as much impartiality as possible, and at the conclusion Conway begged that his own statement might be read. This was done, and it was seen that the statement suggested that the deed was done by a foreign seaman, and that he had conveyed the bag for him, in perfect ignorance, to the spot where it was left by the tide. Few in court who had heard the evidence could believe this story for an instant, and the jury were only absent in consultation for twenty-five minutes, returning with a verdict of "Guilty." Sentence of death was passed in the usual form, and the unhappy man was removed, loudly protesting his innocence.

In spite of his desperate denials, however, a general belief prevailed that Conway would confess, and this notion was to be justified. He left a statement in the hands of his confessor, Father Bonté, who read it aloud after the drop had fallen. It was to the following effect:

> "I accept the sentence that has been pronounced against me as just, and I now offer my life in satisfaction to all whom I have offended, to God, to my religion, to my country, to the parents of the victim himself, and to society. In confessing my guilt I protest that my motive was not outrage. Such a thought I never in my life entertained. Drink has been my ruin, not outrage. I was impelled to the crime while under the influence of drink, in a fit of murderous mania, and a morbid curiosity to observe the process of dying. A moment after the commission of the crime, I experienced the deepest horror of it, and would have done anything in the world to undo it. May God in His mercy forgive me."

This confession was signed "John Conway, 20th of August, 1891," the signature and date being in the culprit's own writing.

Father Bonté added to those present at the execution, "It was only yesterday I tried to impress upon him the necessity of this. He insisted on making his public declaration of innocence, but he eventually consented to express this sentiment through me."

The poor lad had accompanied him to the Stanhope Street house on the promise of being given a new knife. Conway had contemplated the deed before then, but he did not put the horrible idea into execution until the boy remarked that he would have to go home. He then cut his throat with a razor, and sat down and gloated over the passing of his spirit. Later, the sight of the body filled him with frenzied horror, and it was not until the Monday that he had nerve sufficient to see about hiding the traces of the hideous crime.

# A Leeds Horror.

**How the atrocious act of Walter Lewis Turner sent a thrill of shocked amazement throughout the country, and how he was convicted on the evidence of his own mother and sister in 1891.**

"Not youth nor innocence themselves could charm
Away the deadly purpose of his arm!"
—MUSGROVE, "The Vendetta."

THE year 1891 was notable for the perpetration of two revolting murders committed upon inoffensive children. No sooner had the public heard, with horror and indignation, of the amazing, because motiveless, slaying of the lad, Nicholas Martin, by John Conway, at Liverpool, than it learnt of the still more abominable crime of Walter Lewis Turner, at Leeds. Of these two sanguinary deeds, the first was bad enough, in all conscience; but it was far surpassed for sheer brutality by the second, which excited even greater consternation. Unfortunately, in spite of the onward march of civilisation and progress, the name of child-murderers is legion, for they are many. Frederick Baker, William Fish, Richard Coates, George Pavey, Harold Apted, John Wakefield, and Cross Duckworth are names that occur to one at once in this connection, but the crime of Turner in 1891 is not excelled in infamy by that of any of them, with the possible exception of Baker, a history of whom has already appeared in these columns. In both these cases murder was accompanied by its hideous twin-brother mutilation, the circumstances being curiously alike, and almost equal in abomination.

It is well nigh impossible to describe the wild state of frenzied and indignant excitement into which the town of Leeds was plunged by the terrible discovery that June night in a dark corner near the Town Hall, and the circumstances which led up to the arrest of a man and his mother were not calculated to allay the first feelings of shocked interest and disgust. Imagine the feelings and position of that mother discovering in her beloved son's possession the torn and gashed remains of a young child, imagine her terrified tale to her friend and confidante, imagine the awful walk through the street at night with that frightful burden, imagine the woman, eager to the last for her son's safety, agreeing to and assisting in the disposal of the body—imagine all this and judge if the case was not as dramatic a one as any ever recorded in our criminal history. Few murders have inspired a greater horror, few murderers have found so speedy and so well-deserved a fate. The barbarity is still remembered in the district, as the writer can testify, thanks to a recent visit, and the name of the craven coward who did the deed to this day provokes a curse from the men and a shudder from the women. And now for my tale of wanton savagery.

Five miles from the great town of Leeds is a village named Horsforth, for all time to be identified with this tragedy. At this place, in 1891, there resided a quarryman, named David Waterhouse, who had a family of several children. Of these Barbara, a child of five, but big and precocious for her years, left her home on Saturday afternoon, June 6th, 1891, and went to play with her companions. At about one o'clock she was seen standing outside a shop window, gazing upon some pictures and photographs contained therein, and was heard to say in reference to one of the latter, "Oh, look! Isn't that man like my dada?" After this trifling episode, this child mysteriously disappeared. The police were informed that she was missing, and up to Wednesday night, June 10th, the most energetic efforts were made to trace her, without avail. Little Barbara Waterhouse had vanished.

At midnight on the 10th Police-constable Moss, of the Leeds Borough force, was making his rounds with Inspector Thackeray, when the two men arrived at a dark corner behind the Municipal Buildings, in Alexander Street, only a few yards from the Town Hall and police-station. As they turned this obscurely-lighted corner the officers discovered a bundle, apparently of rags, wrapped in an old grey plaid shawl. On turning it over they were startled to find that it contained the dead body of a child in a most appalling condition. The throat had been cut with such violence that the head was almost severed from the body, and a deep gash in the stomach, which extended almost to the neck, revealed the protruding intestines. The legs and arms were almost separated from the trunk, and all over the body there were gashes several inches deep. Such was the frightful object which the lanterns of the two officers displayed, and even they, accustomed to queer sights, recoiled with horror at the spectacle. There did not appear to be much blood in the bundle, and it was evident that the body must have been well-drained of the vital fluid by the terrible wound in the abdomen. The police sent for Dr. Ward, who was speedily on the spot, and he expressed the belief that the child had not been dead for more than twenty-four hours—an erroneous view, as was afterwards discovered.

The doctor stated that there were indications of a criminal offence having been attempted, though no positive proof, and that many of the numerous wounds were inflicted after death. From another constable on beat in that vicinity it was learnt that the bundle had not been in that spot an hour before the discovery. A batch of the cleverest detectives in Leeds were set to work to find the author of this well-nigh unparalleled outrage, and it was thought that the shawl in which the remains were wrapped could hardly fail to prove a valuable clue to the murderer.

In the meanwhile the identity of the victim was the first thing to establish, and that was effected early the following morning. A description of the missing child, Barbara Waterhouse, was fortunately in the possession of the Leeds police, and from this it was seen that she was of stout build, with dark eyes and hair cut short, while her clothing, when she disappeared, exactly corresponded with that found on the poor murdered girl. It may be mentioned here that, in spite of the fearful nature of the injuries, the face of the victim wore a calm and tranquil expression.

The Leeds authorities came to the conclusion that the deceased child was the missing Barbara Waterhouse, and an officer on horseback was despatched to Horsforth to inform the anxious parents and to bring them to the town. They arrived by the five-forty-two train from Newlay, on the Thursday morning, and were taken to the mortuary, where the body was lying. The distracted father was permitted to see the face of his child and the clothes she had worn, but the fact of the mutilations was for the time kept from him, though he could hardly have been more deeply affected than he was. He sobbed out, "My poor Barbara!" and passionately kissed the lips of the dead child. Mrs. Waterhouse was advised not to view the remains, but insisted on doing so, and, recognising the child at one glance, fell in a dead faint, and was only restored with difficulty.

A post-mortem, conducted by Dr. Ward, revealed more painful facts. There were no less than 45 wounds upon the body, and the first had evidently been the deep stab in the stomach. There were wounds on both the hands, as if the child had struggled for her life with her inhuman murderer, and the liver had been cut—inside the body—almost into mince-meat. It will scarcely be credited, but it is none the less a fact, that the monster had carved a sort of pattern on the child's chest, each stab being of the same depth and the same length apart. The whole frightful thing was unthinkable, unnameable! The perpetrator of this shameful outrage was discovered in a strange and dramatic manner.

In Back Lane, Horsforth, there lived a widow named Turner, with her son Walter Lewis, a weaver, aged thirty-two, who was a married man but separated from his wife. The Waterhouse family lived in Town Street, close to where the Turners resided.

On Saturday, June 6th, Mrs. Turner left Horsforth on a brief visit, and it was during her absence that her miscreant son lured this little child to the house and there murdered her to glut as much his lust for blood as his unnatural desires. On the return of Mrs. Turner to her abode, her attention was called to a bundle lying in the coal shed, and her son informed her of the contents, though he strongly protested his innocence of the murder. The woman's one idea was to save her offspring, and, with this view, she visited a Mr. and Mrs.

Cotterill, whom she had known for nearly twenty years, and told them the terrible discovery she had made, and asked their advice. They both urgently recommended her to immediately inform the police, in her son's interest as well as her own, for the former's version of the affair might be a true one, and at last she consented to this course. Having given her promise, she went away, and that night she and Walter Turner took the bundle containing the body in a tin box to Leeds, and left it for some time at the house of Mrs. Jay, who was a daughter of Mrs. Turner's. Late at night they removed it, carrying the body to the spot where it was found, after leaving the tin box on the platform of the railway station, where it was afterwards discovered empty, and smelling strongly of chloride of lime. It should be mentioned here that some white powder resembling the latter had been poured upon the body. Mrs. Turner stated afterwards that when she and her son left the Jays' house it was with the intention of taking the body to the Town Hall Police Station, and there relating Turner's story as to how it came into his possession, but at the last their courage failed them, and they deposited their horrid burden at the first convenient and sufficiently dark and lonely corner.

The next morning Mr. Cotterill anxiously searched the papers for news of the murder, believing that the woman would keep her word and inform the police. When he saw in the public prints that the body had been found, but that the Turners were unsuspected of having had the same in their possession, he grew terribly alarmed, and determined himself to put the police on the right track. But he was a respectable man, with a horror of anything like notoriety, and he did not wish to have his name mixed up in the horrible affair if he could avoid it. But he had told Mrs. Turner that if she did not go to the police he would, and he determined to keep his word, so that by his action, however indirectly, the truth became known. He determined to send an anonymous letter, and accordingly wrote and posted the following on the same day that the body was discovered :

"The Inspector, Horsforth Police Station.—Charge Walter Lewis Turner, of Back Lane, Horsforth, with the crime. He will convict himself at once."

This epistle was received about noon, but it was not until six in the evening that the local police acted on this strong hint as to the guilty party.

In the meanwhile, Ann Turner went to Leeds Detective Office and there made a statement implicating her son. She said, "On Monday last I noticed a bundle under the stairs in the coal shed in my house. It was wrapped in the shawl in which the body was found, and which is my property. I asked my son what was inside the bundle. He replied, 'I'll tell you sometime; it's nothing I have done,' and I began to suspect something was wrong. I did not look inside the bundle, though I touched it. On Wednesday night, after eleven, we left the bundle in the rear of the Town Hall. We walked home, and arrived at one a.m." On receipt of this information the woman was detained in custody, and Chief Inspector Sowerby and Detective Sergeant Mackenzie took a cab over to Horsforth and found the local police already at Turner's house. The watch rushed upstairs when the officers put in an appearance, but was secured, and he merely remarked, "You have it to prove," when charged with the crime. The house was then searched, and some portions of the unhappy child's clothing were found hidden up the chimney in the prisoner's bedroom. Some knives were also found, and taken charge of by the police, who then took their captive over to Leeds, which town was now in a state of the utmost excitement at the rumours of "an arrest and confession." Most of the papers, including the London dailies, described the prisoner as having confessed when captured, but, as a matter of fact, he strongly denied his guilt, though the police were positive that they had got the murderer.

IT CONTAINED THE DEAD BODY OF A CHILD.

The parents of the deceased child were very poor, and it was arranged that some subscription should be got up for their benefit, a considerable sum being realised, though no mere money could appease their grief and wrath with the assassin. Little Barbara Waterhouse was buried on June 13th, 1891, at Horsforth Cemetery, an immense crowd witnessing the ceremony.

The same week Walter Turner and his unfortunate parent were taken before the magistrates. The male prisoner was shabbily dressed, the old overcoat he was wear-

ing having evidently seen much service, and a beard of a week's growth did not improve his appearance as he stood facing the Court, calm and indifferent. He was of less than medium height, of spare build, and of very pallid complexion. His face was of a very striking character; the forehead large and bulging, being brought into greater prominence by reason of the narrow proportions of the lower part of his cadaverous countenance. His mother seemed nervous and subdued; both declared their innocence of the crime.

Formal evidence was taken, and when asked if he had anything to say why he should not be remanded, the male prisoner replied coolly, "No, I don't know that I have."

Turner was strongly suspected of the murder of the little boy Gill, the son of a cabman, who was found barbarously done to death at Manningham, near Bradford, at Christmas-time, in 1889. It was ascertained that he had lived in Manningham Lane at the time of this outrage; but nothing else

The wretch rushed upstairs.

was ever advanced to connect him with the earlier crime. His wife, whom he had seriously assaulted when they were living together at Shipley, had left him some time before, and was in America in the June of 1891.

The trial of Turner came on at Leeds Assizes, before Mr. Justice Grantham, who was much criticised for his conduct of the proceedings, on Friday, July 31, and extended over the Saturday, when he was found guilty on the clearest evidence, and condemned to death. He had all along accounted for the fact of the child's body being in his possession by a strange and incredible story, which centred round some mythical man whom he called "Jack." Jack and he had been drinking on the Saturday the little child disappeared from Horsforth, and he had got extremely intoxicated. Jack accompanied him to his home; his mother was away; and at that time he had with him a bundle. Turner went to sleep as soon as he got indoors, and when he awoke he found that his companion had vanished and left behind him his horrible burden as a legacy. Such was the tale which Turner endeavoured to get believed, and, absurd as it seems, he adhered to it throughout. But, unfortunately for him and his precious story, this "Jack" could never be found, and those who had seen Turner drinking at various houses on June 6 declared unanimously that he was not accompanied by anyone.

Mrs. Turner, who had been previously sentenced to penal servitude for life as an accessory after the fact, was the chief witness against her abominable son, and her evidence and that of Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Cotterill could leave no doubt in anyone's mind as to the guilt of the prisoner. The jury found him guilty after a very short deliberation, and the learned judge defined the crime as by far the most abominable in his experience, and held out no hope of mercy. Turner again stoutly protested his innocence, and left the dock quite unmoved.

Judge Grantham was loudly cheered by the huge crowd outside the court after passing sentence on this hardened brute; but he was much blamed for the extreme punishment meted out to Mrs. Turner, which certainly did not seem proportionate to her share in the ghastly crime. But if he erred on the side of severity one day he erred on the side of mercy the next. Summoning Mr. and Mrs. Jay and Mr. and Mrs. Cotterill before him on the day following the trial, he congratulated them upon the courage which they had shown in giving evidence against their friend and relative, and he strongly applauded the conduct they had shown throughout. As a reward, he announced to them the reduction of the sentence passed upon Mrs. Turner to one of twelve months' imprisonment! He also presented the bouquet lying on the dais to the parents of the little victim.

Walter Lewis Turner was hanged at Leeds on Tuesday, August 18, 1891, and it is needless to say that not a voice was raised to save him. He remained calm and imperturbable to the last, adhering in the main to his preposterous story, and declining to receive visits either from his mother or his sister, in spite of their anxiety to see him. He slept very well during the night before the execution, and in the case of this murderer it can be *truthfully* said that he made a hearty breakfast the following morning. Billington, the executioner, entered the condemned cell at five minutes to eight, and pinioned the condemned man, who betrayed no signs of fear. The trap was on a level with the ground, and he walked towards it, when the usual procession was formed, with a firm tread. The straps were quickly adjusted, and Billington proceeded to pull the white cap over the murderer's head. This appeared to irritate him, and he exclaimed, "Here, I don't want that on!" But no notice was taken of the remark. . . . Death was, seemingly, instantaneous. Turner left no confession of any kind, and the exact circumstances of this truly awful crime have never been known.

### His Proper Place.

During Lord Thurlow's later years he resided at Brighton, and the Prince of Wales, having gone down there on a visit, as was his custom, staying at the Pavilion, remembered the old Chancellor, and invited him to dinner. Knowing, however, the peculiarities of the veteran statesman, and what a particular old fellow he was, he thought it advisable to apologise to him beforehand for some of the company whom he would meet at dinner, and said that amongst them would be Sir John Lade and several other sporting characters. The punctilious old statesman, leaning on his cane, looked his Royal Highness full in the face, and with great resolution replied:

"Sir, I make exception to no man. Sir John Lade, for instance, whom your Royal Highness has thought proper to mention by name, is an excellent character in his proper place; but that, with all due deference, I humbly conceive to be your Royal Highness's coach-box and not your table."

### The Butler's Ghost.

Lord Chancellor Erskine was once on a visit to Edinburgh, when he was surprised to meet an old butler of his father's in one of the main streets, looking exceedingly ill and pale. In asking what had brought him such a long way from his master's country seat, the butler said he had come to seek his lordship's assistance to recover a sum of money which was due to him from the steward of the Buchan estate. The Chancellor told the old servant to follow him into a bookseller's shop which was just a few doors farther on, and was about to enter when he was astonished to find that the man had mysteriously disappeared. Lord Erskine afterwards discovered that the butler had died several weeks before, and that a short time previous to his decease he had mentioned the matter of the steward's debt to his wife, and assured her that she would receive the money as soon as Lord Erskine came to Scotland, and granted him an interview. The Lord Chancellor never doubted the reality of the apparition, and often related the circumstance to his family.

# Miscarriages of Justice.

PART II.

"Justice is blind; but fortunately for the sake of the welfare of society, she can often see through the bandage!"
—VOLTAIRE.

AVERY sensational murder, which occasioned the execution of an innocent man, occurred in Paris as far back as the year 1689.

There resided at the French capital at that time a lady of fashion who was called Madame Mazel. On Monday, the 28th of November, she was discovered to to have been barbarously murdered during the night, and a man named Le Brun, who acted as her valet-de-chambre was suspected of the crime. It appeared that after supper on the previous evening the lady went to her apartment, attended by her maids, and before she retired to rest Le Brun came to the door to ascertain her orders for the ensuing day. The next morning he went to market, and was jocular and pleasant with everyone he encountered; but when he returned at eight o'clock he expressed his surprise that Madame Mazel had not yet got up, as she usually rose at seven. He went to his wife's lodging and deposited with her seven Louis d'or and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up. Returning to his employment, he found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing from their lady, and the door of her chamber was eventually forced in the presence of her son, who had been sent for. Le Brun entered the room before anyone else, and, drawing back the curtains from the bed, exclaimed in tones of horror, "My lady is murdered!" He then ran into the wardrobe and lifted a strong-box, which contained some cash, and cried, "She has not been robbed! How is this?"

It was ascertained that no less than fifty terrible wounds had been inflicted upon the body, but no attempt had been made to rob the apartment, although the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door, where it had been placed over-night by one of the female servants. A blood-stained night-cap was found on the bed of death, and this fitted Le Brun, who was discovered to possess a key which opened the street door, the ante-chamber, and both the doors in Madame Mazel's room. Other circumstances seemed to convey the fact that, if not the actual murderer, Le Brun had been in league with the assassin, and had procured him an entrance to the premises, and it was decided to put him to the torture in order to ascertain who were his accomplices. This was done with such terrible severity, on February 23, 1690, that he succumbed a week later to the injuries he had received protesting his complete innocence of the atrocious deed with his last dying breath.

About a month later, notice was sent from the Provost of Sens that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of Jean Garlet, but it was discovered that his real name was Berry, that he had formerly been employed by Madame Mazel as footman, and had been discharged for dishonesty. In consequence of this he was arrested on suspicion, and he made an attempt to procure his freedom by bribing the officials. On searching his house, a gold watch was found, which proved to have belonged to Madame Mazel. Being brought to Paris, a witness swore to having seen him leave the house of that lady the night she was murdered, and a barber testified to having shaved him the next morning, when, on his observing the hands of his customer to be very much cut and scratched, Berry explained that he had been killing a cat. On these circumstances, he was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken alive on the wheel. On the rack he confessed that by the direction and order of Madame Mazel's daughter, he and Le Brun had undertaken the robbery and murder, and that Le Brun did the deed while he remained at the door to guard against surprise. To this tale he adhered until brought to the place of execution, when he confessed that he alone had committed the crime, and that no one had instigated him in respect to it at all. He had hidden under the bed till Madame Mazel had finally retired, and had then attacked and killed her. Poor Le Brun, when too late, was known to be entirely innocent.

Another remarkable instance of how justice may sometimes err is recorded by a reliable authority. A gentleman was returning to his home in the outskirts of Berlin late one night when, overcome by the potations he had consumed, he fell to the ground in a state of insensibility. Soon after two persons came along and commenced a violent altercation on some subject of previous dispute. From words the angry opponents came to blows, and one of them, suddenly observing that the drunkard had a sword by his side, snatched it away and with it ran his adversary through the body. Leaving the weapon in the wound he had inflicted, he made his escape. When the night-watchman came, in the course of his rounds to this spot, and saw one man lying dead, with a sword in his body, and another lying near in a state of drunkenness, with his scabbard empty, he had no doubt whatever of the guilt of the unfortunate imbiber, who was arrested, examined before a magistrate, tried and convicted of the charge. Three days after the trial he suffered an ignominious death at the hands of the law.

The real criminal was some time after condemned to death for another offence, and in his last moments confessed how he had made use of the reveller's sword to execute summary vengeance upon the person with whom he had been engaged in dispute.

A similar case occurred in France, in 1759. A man was tried for and convicted of the murder of his own father. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial, and the principal witness against him was his sister. She proved that her father possessed a small income, which, with his industry, enabled him to live in comfort; that her brother, who was heir-at-law, had often expressed a desire to hasten his inheritance; and that he had often threatened his father with more or less violence. On the evening that the murder was committed the deceased went a small distance from the house to milk a favourite cow, and the witness said "good-bye" to him then, as she was to spend that evening and sleep the night at a neighbour's.

On returning home early the next morning, she said that she found her father and brother both absent, and the neighbours advised that the hovel should be searched in which the old man was in the habit of milking this particular cow. They found him lying dead, his skull having been smashed in with some heavy instrument, and blood and brain strewn about the floor. Some footprints were traceable in the snow which lay on the ground between the house and the hovel, and it was suggested that those should be compared with a shoe belonging to the son, who was already suspected of the crime. The sister brought one of her brother's shoes, and it was found to correspond exactly with the impressions in the snow. The youth was made a prisoner, and, after a diligent examination of his room, a heavy hammer was found hidden in the corner of a private drawer. This instrument had evidently been used to accomplish the foul deed, as it was plentifully stained with blood.

The prisoner was convicted upon this evidence, which seemed clear enough, and suffered death, denying to the last that he was the murderer of his father. About four years after this tragedy the sister, who had been the principal witness, was taken dangerously ill, and, believing that there were no hopes of her recovery, she confessed to having herself committed this shocking crime. She declared that her father and brother having offended her in some obscure way, she was resolved to kill them both. When her father went to milk the cow, she followed him in her brother's shoes, and carrying his hammer, which weapon she hid, after committing the murder, in the spot where it was found. After this confession she was taken into custody, but she died before she could be brought to trial. Full particulars of this shock-

ing case can be found in an old work by Lavandier, entitled, "Crimes des Siècles."

Voltaire relates how, in 1770, a person of the name of Monthaille, without any accuser, witness, or any probable or even suspicious circumstances, was seized by the superior Tribunal of Arras and condemned to have his hand cut off, to be broken on the wheel, and to be subsequently burnt alive, for having murdered his mother. This appalling sentence was carried into effect, and the wife of the unfortunate prisoner would have suffered the same frightful death as an accessory had she not been expecting at almost any time to become a mother.

A few weeks later it was conclusively proved that the woman supposed to have been murdered was alive at Amiens!

### The Drunkard's Cloak.

IT appears from Gardiner's "England's Grievance in Relation to the Coal Trade," that in the time of the Commonwealth the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne punished drunkards by making them put a tub over their heads, with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through, called the Drunkard's Cloak, and thus walk through the streets of the town.

### Women Confined in Irons.

IN 1782, Lord Loughborough imposed a fine of twenty pounds on the keeper of Norwich Castle for putting irons on a woman. As recently as 1809—according to an authority named Neild—a survey of the gaol at Brecon revealed the painful fact that there were, amongst other prisoners, two women without shoes and stockings, heavily loaded with double-irons.

### The Woman Greene.

IN "Anecdotes of Science" is related a remarkable story of the woman Greene, who, after being hanged, was recovered to life by Sir William Petty. The time of suspension, in this case, was not quite so long as that of Judith de Bolsham, who hung about half an hour. In regard to Mrs. Greene's case, Elliott says: "What was most remarkable, and distinguishes the hand of Providence in her recovery, she was found to be innocent of the crime for which she suffered."

### Saving a Preacher.

DURING the Protectorate of Cromwell, a cobbler of New York killed an Indian; but, as this man was an eloquent preacher as well as a cobbler, the colonists determined not to lose him. They tried him in the accustomed manner, and he was found guilty.

On the day of execution, they took a poor old weaver, who had long been bed-ridden, out of his bed, and hanged him instead of the real offender.

### Dogs Disclose a Murder.

A LABOURING man of Tobolsk, who had deposited in a purse-skin, which he wore at his breast, the hard-earned savings of his life, was murdered by two of his companions for the sake of his little treasure.

The murderers escaped to a neighbouring forest, followed by two dogs belonging to the deceased, which would not quit them. The wretches did everything to appease them, but in vain. They then endeavoured to kill them, but the dogs were upon their guard, and continued to howl dreadfully. Reduced to despair, the murderers, at the end of two days, returned to Knasnojarsk, and delivered themselves into the hands of justice.

### Signal Self-Punishment.

THREE German robbers having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day arrived which they had appointed for that purpose, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that each might come in for half the plunder, instead of one-third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned part of the provisions, in order that he might appropriate the whole of the spoil to himself. The triumvirate of worthies were found dead together!

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*DAINTY NOVELS*

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

## Leaves from Our Notebook.

### Manx Law.

IN the Isle of Man it was formerly the law that to take away an ox or a horse was not a felony, but a trespass, because of the great difficulty in that small territory of concealing or carrying them off; but to steal a pig or a fowl, which is easily done, was a capital crime, for which the offender was punished with death.

### Legal Despatch.

"ALTHOUGH the law's delay is often complained of in civil cases, yet in criminal ones it is speedy enough." So wrote an authority in 1821. An instance of summary punishment occurred at Derby in 1814. A man was detected picking a gentleman's pocket. He was taken into custody, the property found upon him, carried before a justice, committed, a bill found by the grand jury, which was then sitting; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation. And all this was done in the course of two hours.

### A Modern Solomon.

AN English jeweller went from London to Bombay, carrying with him a stock of diamonds and other trinkets, and accompanied by his son and a servant as his only companions. The stock was disposed of, and they were preparing to return, when the jeweller died, and there was then a valuable treasure to be disposed of by the legal authority of the place. The servant resolved, as they were all strangers, to set himself up as the son of the jeweller. The true heir denied this, and the dispute went on, the judge having no means of deciding it. At last he directed that the two claimants should stand behind a curtain, and, after each stating his case, to project his head outside, and the judge would then cut off the head of the one who proved to be the servant. The officer stood with a drawn scimitar, watching both, and ready to strike at a given signal. Suddenly the judge called out: "Enough, enough; strike off the villain's head!" The impostor, terrified at the brandished weapon, and being taken quite unawares, at once drew back his head, while the real heir, trusting to his honesty, was unmoved. The judge at once recognised the true heir, and dealt out the punishment to the impostor.

### "Bovrilised" Land.

IN the year 1789 Lord Kames, a noted Scotch judge, came across an advertisement by a German quack, of a powerful fertilising manure which he had discovered, and which was warranted to produce crops of amazing fertility. The judge was a great farmer, and had his own theories respecting rotation of crops, manuring, etc., etc., but he was captivated by the superior virtue of this very fertiliser, of which he procured some specimens. He told all the farmers in his neighbourhood of the prize he had got, and the vast profits which were now within their reach. One stupid farmer, however, was very incredulous and shook his head at the idea of such great results from a small packet of powder. But the judge silenced him with this reply: "My good friend, such are the wonderful discoveries in science nowadays that I should not be surprised if at some early date we may be able to carry the manure of an acre of land in one of our coat pockets." The obstinate farmer retorted, "Very likely, my lord; but I suspect that when that time comes to pass your lordship will be able to bring back the whole crop likewise in your other coat pocket."

## REPLIES TO QUERIES

REKLAW (Bourne End).—Mansell received a respite of seven months, but was eventually hanged at Maidstone, July 6, 1857.

I. B. S. (Oldham).—You are quite correct. Sergeant, Harper, and Probert were executed at the Old Bailey for horse stealing, June 30, 1825.

JACK KETCH (Oldham).—Yes, within the last century. For instance, Matthew Prescott was executed for extortion at the Old Bailey, July 4, 1821.

PATLANDER (Waterford).—(1) Dr. Philip Cross, who was executed at Cork County Gaol on January 10, 1838, was at one time a Surgeon-Major in the British Army. (2) Yes, it appeared in one of our early issues.

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